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# Paying the Television Piper

A FIERCE controversy about the merits of sponsored radio is raging inside the Conservative Parliamentary Party. Just over a month ago the Tory back-benchers voted overwhelmingly in favour of rejecting the main proposals of the Beveridge Report; they wanted to end the B.B.C. monopoly. Their recommendation to the Cabinet was in line with the minority report of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, M.P., the only member of the Beveridge Committee who advocated sponsored programmes. Naturally enough, it was enthusiastically pushed by the small but energetic lobby which represents the advertising firms inside the Conservative Party, as well as by those Young Tories who have long been critical of Mr. Butler's pale-pink Socialism and advocate a "dash for freedom." Since denationalisation of steel and road transport cannot be expected to have much popular appeal, there seemed to be an obvious political advantage in adding to them an anti-Socialist proposal which could plausibly be said to "give the public what it really wants."

After their initial success in the back-benchers' committee, however, the Young Tories seem to have met with a reverse. The Cabinet is lukewarm or actively hostile to the idea of loading the Government with yet more controversial legislation. Since it cannot reply publicly to its supporters, Lord Halifax and Lord Waverley are being sent into battle against vulgar commercialism and on behalf of respectability incarnate in the B.B.C.

The natural thing for Mr. Churchill is to play for time. But this will not be easy. The B.B.C. has been living, for nearly three years, in a state of suspense, and one of the Government's first actions was to extend its Charter for six months in order to review the situation. Any further extension would be gravely damaging. Either the Charter must be maintained broadly on present lines or a new policy must be announced at once.

It is unlikely that either Mr. Churchill or Mr. Butler will be greatly impressed by the *a priori* arguments in favour of free enterprise. Radio and television are vastly important public services which must be organised in the public interest. Nor, we hope, will they be deceived by the false analogies with Fleet Street which the advocates of sponsored programmes sometimes employ. The proprietors of our popular newspapers, in the quest for ever higher advertising rates, have been compelled to make circulation the criterion of success, and so to degrade their definition of news to the lowest common denominator of popular demand. But they do not hire out their news and editorial columns to advertising agencies, as the advocates of sponsored programmes suggest should be done in the case of radio and television. Sponsoring means the end of all editorial responsibility and makes the advertising agency the sole judge of what is produced; it therefore violates every principle of a free press.

The case which advocates of radical revision of the Charter adduce can be stated briefly. Firstly, it is widely agreed that there should be as much variety and competition as possible within our public utilities. This is the case for drastic regional devolution to counteract the centralising tendencies of Broadcasting House. Secondly, there is grave doubt whether a public Corporation, dominated by men brought up in sound-casting, may not cramp the style of television. The B.B.C. does show many of the failings of a monopoly. It has, for instance, retarded the development of Frequency Modulation which could have provided scores of local radio stations to challenge its monopoly. If it is left in sole charge of T.V. will it not misuse its powers? In the third place, there is the problem of how to finance this expensive new medium. Since the viewer's licence costs no more than a radio licence, he is being heavily and quite unfairly subsidised by the listener.

If these are indeed the three relevant criticisms of the present Charter, Parliament must consider whether they can be met without radically changing the structure of broadcasting. In the case of finance, they certainly can. It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the B.B.C. requires advertising revenue in order to pay for development of television. All that is needed is to double the cost of the television licence and prevent the Treasury from raiding licence revenues.

But this still leaves unanswered the question whether a highly centralised sound-casting monopoly should be left in sole control of television. We understand that there are insuperable technical objections to the obvious proposal that an independent British Television Corporation should be established alongside the B.B.C., on the analogy of B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. We are left therefore with a sharp dilemma. Either the monopoly must be left as it is, or we must be prepared to see commercial television competing with B.B.C. television, just as commercial radio now competes with Government networks in Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

This latter proposal has its attractions. It would be possible to lay down that commercial television should be entrusted to a Corporation operating under a Charter which strictly regulated its activities. Indeed, such a Charter could forbid any form of sponsoring, and allow the Corporation merely to sell a limited amount of advertising time in exactly the same way as a newspaper sells space. But if all these essential safeguards were introduced, would the commercial corporation be able to earn its way? We doubt it. Indeed it may well be that commercial television must either be very profitable and very nasty, or so confined by regulation that it ceases to be a commercial proposition. It is no secret that Lord Beveridge, when he set out on his inquiry, was determined to end the monopoly. That he finally recommended its retention is probably due to his discovery that, despite all its defects, the B.B.C. remains the least of all possible evils. This indeed is the case for renewing the Charter as soon as possible and concentrating attention on the very considerable improvements—particularly decentralisation—which can be made within the established structure of the present Corporation.

### Purchase Tax

We find little cause to cavil at the Chancellor's refusal to yield to the textile lobby and remit purchase tax—either permanently or temporarily—from cotton goods. If it stimulated buying—and this is uncertain, for present consumers' resistance is operating just as strongly against unsold ex-Utility stocks as against costly lines—a P.T. "holiday" would probably lead, as Mr. Butler argued, only to a renewed and worse slump later on. Permanent remission of P.T. in the case of cotton goods would lead to irresistible claims for similar concessions over the whole range of consumers' goods. It may be, of course, that as a result of the Government's policy of restricted credit and dearer interest rates, we are moving into a phase of general trade recession and widespread unemployment; but in that event the situation calls, not for tinkering with purchase tax, but for a new reflationary Budget—a step which would make nonsense of the whole conception of forgoing butter in order to have guns.

The real case against the new purchase tax arrangement—assuming that revenue must be secured at the price of a tax which undoubtedly distorts and hampers industrial production—is that in the case of many commodities the D figure appears to have been fixed too low: in footwear and leather goods, as well as many textiles, the Government seems to have departed from the sensible recommendation of the Douglas Committee that about half of the goods produced should be exempt from tax. The effect of taxation which actually puts up the prices of the previous tax-exempt top-grade Utility lines must be to encourage the production of shoddy stuff which should not be permitted to reach the shops. Mr. Butler hinted that he would be prepared to reconsider D figures during the Committee stage of the Finance Bill; and the Opposition, we trust, will hold him to this.

### Moscow and Lancashire

Having firmly refused purchase tax concessions, Mr. Butler endeavoured to appease Northern M.P.s by announcing that additional orders would promptly be placed on Government account for £20-£25m. of textiles required under the Defence programme. This endeavour to make rearmament overtly serve the needs of employment may be of some assistance to Yorkshire but it is unlikely to do much for Lancashire, where the tale of idle looms grows ominously. An immediate cure for Lancashire's distress would be to secure new export outlets; and it is not surprising that the textile industry should be taking a lively interest in the reports that, at the unofficial economic conference now being held in Moscow, the Russian and other delegates from the Eastern Bloc made a contingent offer to place large orders for British cotton and woollen goods.

It is, however, important to appreciate that the offer *is* conditional. Eastern Europe is not in acute need of British textiles, and in any case such goods could have been bought by the Soviet Union and the Eastern Democracies at any time during the past year. Orders for textiles would be placed only as part of a large purchasing programme which would include machinery and other capital goods whose sale by Britain to Communist countries is now effectively vetoed by the United States as a deliberate act of Cold War policy. We have consistently held in this journal that a re-opening of East-West trade is essential if a viable economy for Britain and other Western European countries is to be achieved. But there is no good blinking the fact that trade on the lines now being discussed in Moscow could be secured only at the cost of a first-class row with Washington.

### Breathing Space for Sterling

Mr. Butler was entitled to express qualified satisfaction at the decrease in the sterling area's gold and dollar deficit in March. Though the total deficit for the first quarter of the year was $636m., as compared with $940m. in the last quarter of 1951, the gap in March was only $71m.—a significant improvement. The position, of course, is not quite so satisfactory as the March figures suggest, because the balance was struck after taking into account special receipts amounting to $75m. These transactions included the sale to us for sterling of $28m. of South African gold, and $35m. received from the U.S. from special sales of rubber and tin. Allowing for the fact that these receipts are non-recurring, it cannot be said that the sterling area is yet "out of the red." Moreover, it is evident that a good deal of the lessening of the strain on sterling has been due to foreign traders, who had been going deliberately short of sterling in the hope of devaluation, hurrying to cover their needs when the nature of the Budget was known. During the next few months the effect of recent cuts should be more visible in the import figures; but, so far as the U.K. is concerned, the outlook for exports is darkened by various import bans recently announced by other members of the sterling area. The final results of nations trying to live by throwing out each other's washing have yet to be seen.

### South-East Asia and the U.S.S.R.

American policy of trading dollars for bases which has undermined the independence of the West is producing the opposite result in South-East Asia, notably in Indonesia and Burma. The new Cabinet, announced in Djakarta last week, includes some of their ablest men who have consistently stood for an independent policy in foreign affairs. Dr. Rum (Interior) made this the centre of his policy when he served as Foreign Minister in the Natsir Government; Dr. Sumitro (Finance) is back again from the Socialist Party; and the Sultan of Djogjakarta (Defence) returns to office—an appointment reflected in the immediate setting up of a Cabinet Committee to deal with questions relating to internal security. This is a Cabinet which is more in line with the Government recently elected in Burma, Indonesia's closest neighbour. Thakin Nu (who now wishes to be known as U Nu) has a strong team with Left-wing Socialists in key positions. His Defence Minister (U Ba Swe) presided last week over the meeting of Asian Socialist leaders from Indonesia, India, Japan and Burma at which stress was made on an independent Socialist foreign policy.

Meanwhile in Indonesia and Burma, which have recently exchanged official goodwill missions, closer relations are being developed both with the Soviet Union and with China. Unofficial delegations, both blessed by their respective Governments, have been sent from Burma and Indonesia to the Economic Conference in Moscow. In common with other Asian countries, their first problem is to raise the standard of living, and, whilst retaining their independence in foreign affairs, they see new opportunities of obtaining goods, such as tractors, from the Communist-dominated world which the Capitalist world, now committed to vast rearmament schemes, cannot supply. In the long run, and certainly as long as the industrial output of the West is geared to the requirements of N.A.T.O., those who rule over a hundred million customers in South-East Asia are unlikely to shut their eyes to the possibilities now under discussion in Moscow.

### South Africa Celebrates—and Protests

While White South Africa celebrates the 300th anniversary of Jan van Riebeeck's landing at the Cape, the non-White communities are gathering their strength for a direct challenge to the more oppressive aspects of White supremacy. Considering the manifold ways in which the Africans, Indians and Coloureds of South Africa—nearly 10 million people as compared with 2½ million

Whites—suffer from racial oppression, it must be said that they and their leaders are exercising an admirable restraint. They did not, after all, initiate their planned campaign of civil disobedience (to the pass laws and other discriminatory laws) on April 6, the tercentenary of van Riebeeck's landing: instead, they held protest meetings and arranged for their campaign to go into action in a series of careful stages which are to begin in the course of the next week or so. White South Africans may be tempted to see in this delay an evidence of African incapacity to organise in self-defence; and to conclude that the African bark in South Africa is still much worse than the African bite. But to base racial policy—as the Nationalists evidently mean to continue to base it—on the belief that the non-White communities are incapable of defending themselves, is to court disaster in a world which more and more condemns racial persecution, and in an Africa which is rapidly acquiring consciousness of its wrongs. Among those who sent telegrams of good wishes to the non-White communities last week-end were Chou En-lai, Nehru, and Nkrumah. By persisting in their chosen course, Dr. Malan and his friends invite ruin not only for White men and women in South Africa, but also for the cause of White minorities everywhere.

### B.O.A.C. Wins its Wings

B.O.A.C.'s achievement in showing a small profit for the financial year just ending calls for the warmest congratulation from a tax-weary public. For the airline corporations are, despite Conservative propaganda, the only nationalised industry whose deficit has to be met from taxation. The extent of B.O.A.C.'s success may not be widely realised in the complicated tangle of international air finance. But there are very few airlines in the world, flying the trunk routes, which are able to balance their books without State assistance, whether by direct subsidy, "special" prices for the carriage of mail or whatever other concealed subvention. B.O.A.C. was greatly handicapped in its early years by being compelled, for reasons of public policy, to keep in service many obsolescent, even obsolete, types of aircraft, pending the development of new British types. Now, with its three main fleets of Constellations, Argonauts and Hermes, and with the Comet just coming into service, it has a chance to show its real mettle. There are arguments, to be sure, on grounds of general aviation policy against forcing the British Corporations to make profit their main objective. But these cannot conceal the high degree of safety and efficiency which B.O.A.C. has achieved under the leadership of Sir Miles Thomas and Mr. Whitney Straight. The successful accounts indicate the measure of public confidence.

## WASHINGTON

### Eisenhower and Europe

*Our Washington Correspondent writes:* General Eisenhower's return to the United States is now awaited with eager curiosity by political friends and foes alike. Supporters desire the inspiration of his presence. Critics would like specific answers to current political questions. Representative Adam Powell, the Negro Congressman from New York who wrote *Is This a White Man's War?* has been attempting to find out whether Eisenhower still believes in the segregation of Whites and Negroes in the American Army and, if so, why. In this atmosphere the General's report on SHAPE's first year has been read largely for what it tells about Eisenhower rather than for what it tells about a viable European defence. Thus the report, and the broadcast which accompanied it, evoked widespread satisfaction. Tributes were paid to Eisenhower's own services in providing imaginative leadership in his year as Supreme Commander. Many found themselves agreeing with a comment in the *New York Herald Tribune* that just as war is too important to leave to generals, so generals have become too important to be left merely to war.

Although some complained that the report was prepared too much from the standpoint of a political candidate, the only critical analysis of its relationship to German developments came, not surprisingly, from Walter Lippmann. He assumed that General Eisenhower's report was substantially completed before the Soviet proposal about Germany on March 10, and noted that when the General wrote that the consolidation of military elements from Western Germany into N.A.T.O. "would be a long step toward the unification of Europe" he was describing the situation as seen from Washington and other Western capitals at that time. Lippmann maintains it is now impossible for the Western nations to claim that their present policies mean the unification of Europe. For Germans are now offered from the West unity with Western Europe founded on the disunity of Germany, and from the East they are offered unification of Germany first, and after that a number of interesting possibilities.

There is little sign that a re-examination of German policy is under way at the State Department, for this Administration, whose days are now numbered whatever the result of the election, is now disinclined to take bold new steps. Its main concern at present is to consolidate the existing achievements of its policy. This will not be easy in view of the lessened influence of the President on Congress. Administration supporters were unable to prevent the House of Representatives from slashing the funds for the Voice of America and allied activities almost in half, and from knocking out all funds for the American Government to be represented at international conferences. If the Senate fails to restore this particular State Department fund, it will have to go to Congress with special appropriation Bills some 250 times a year. Similarly the Foreign Aid Bill is having a difficult passage through its many stages of consideration, although the strength of the popular sentiment for General Eisenhower in the primary elections has caused some economisers to remember the fate in 1948 of those candidates who had opposed the Marshall Plan.

The Administration's difficulties with Congress are but a symptom of the general malaise of President Truman's Government in the closing stages of its life. When he announced that he would not accept renomination, he had already virtually ceased to control the destinies of his party. The curious developments last week, in which three high officials left the Government in quick succession, showed Mr. Truman in a rosy light but not a strong light. His inability to enforce an accepted policy to control inflation, in the steel case which led to Mr. Wilson's resignation, and his failure to translate his genuine desire to eliminate corruption from the Federal ranks into an agreed programme of action, in the dispute which led the Attorney-General, Mr. McGrath, to follow so quickly out of the door through which he had just kicked Mr. Newbold Morris, were perhaps examples of how one can prefer to be right than be President.

## WESTMINSTER

### Refined Obstruction

*Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes:* I doubt whether more than a handful of M.P.s was aware of the existence of the Army Act until last week. This thick book, which covers every aspect of the soldier's and airman's life, must be passed annually between March 30 and April 30. That this period usually coincides with the Finance Bill explains why the Act, though it has been constantly added to, has not been revised since 1881; it has consequently become a fantastic museum piece, including clauses on indentured labour and a schedule which lays down that every soldier shall receive 10 ounces of meat with his hot tea every day. This year the Minister of War, anxious to get on with his scheme for a 22-year period of service, introduced a minor Bill to add a number of new clauses to the Army Act. At once, Bing, Paget and Wigg saw their chance. They put down a number of amendments to the new clauses and then, as they were perfectly entitled to do, set about the job of revising the Act itself. Down on the Order Paper went a hundred and eight amendments which only dealt with its first thirty clauses, and it was clear that another five or six hundred serious and substantial amendments could be added at will.

It was not until late on Tuesday night that the Government saw the red light. The Army Act had to be discussed in a Committee of the full House, and after seven hours of learned debate on the meaning of the words "active service," Brigadier Head realised that he had no chance of forcing his little Bill through, against the Opposition of about a dozen well-briefed Labour backbenchers. Since soldier's pay stops if the Army Act is not law by April 30, the Government were suddenly faced with the prospect of spending the whole of April discussing amendments which no one could dismiss as obstructive filibustering. As one Labour Member put it, quite solemnly, "we feel it more useful to spend Parliamentary time next month on reforming the Army Act than on denationalising steel; and Parliament is perfectly entitled to spend its time in this way." Hurriedly negotiations were started through the "usual channels"; and the Labour front bench, which up till then had superciliously regarded the whole affair as a "stunt," suddenly discovered that its back-benchers had given it a chance of dictating unconditional surrender to the Government. For there was nothing which the Government was not prepared to concede in order to save its business time-table.

On Thursday night the terms of surrender were announced: a Select Committee and a Departmental Committee are to be established to reform the whole Army Act and to report by July 31. Bing, Paget and Wigg had scored a nice parliamentary victory; and they celebrated it by compelling Brigadier Head himself to reintroduce the very first amendment they had put down on the Order Paper, an amendment which the Tories had voted down after hours of debate just forty-eight hours previously. Compared with the Boothbyesque method of harassing the Labour Government with unnecessary late night "prayers," this was a refined and much more formidable delaying tactic; and Mr. Crookshank must have the uneasy feeling that the Army Act is not the only weapon in the procedural armoury of the ingenious Bing.

yate, which is the main village in the district that Warbey was contesting, the villagers live in constant peril from the heavy trucks which hurtle through on A5. Narrow streets and hopeless lighting make it one of the worst road hazards in the country, a fact underlined by the nominal speed limit of 15 miles an hour. A bye-pass is one obvious solution. But, when Warbey suggested that a new rail link could be pushed up from a now disused loop, running from the main Midland line up through the new town at Hemel Hempstead and on to Dunstable, some people realised for the first time that, whether they liked Warbey's plan or not, there was no reason to accept the existing ways of dealing with traffic as if they were immutable facts of geography. The immediate conclusion that the villagers draw is that the sloth and indifference of the landed interest has blighted the countryside too long.

* * *

I knew vaguely that the French had been up to something big in the Himalayas a year or two ago, but it wasn't till I went to the Annapurna film last week in the Central Hall, Westminster, that I realised just what a remarkable achievement it was. A very impressive colour film, supplemented by some stills, showed the story from the expedition's arrival in Khatmandu to their return march through Nepal after their conquest of Annapurna, which is 26,000 feet and the highest peak ever conquered. The story was not quite complete because no film record and only one still could be made of the final stages. The gap was filled in by Maurice Herzog, leader of the expedition, who described, in simple and moving terms, the last desperate stage, when he and Lachenal were racing the monsoon. They got to the top, and back to camp—but the weather had broken, Herzog had lost his gloves and his fingers were dead. Struggling down in storm next day they failed to find the next camp and bivouacked in a crevasse where they were nearly buried by an avalanche; both got terribly frostbitten feet. Somehow they got out and met the supporting party. I shall not easily forget the shot of Herzog staggering somehow into the base camp, safely supported by two Sherpas. "We've got to the top," he told the others; "Now it's your job to get us home." And—on sledge, on backs, on hammocks, on stretchers—they did, down the mountain in the monsoon, through flooded valleys, back to Khatmandu and the plane to France.

* * *

A friend has been telling me about the work of the Isobel Cripps Centre which is established in London under the Presidency of Lady Cripps to teach the principles of "psychophysical re-education." This is the technique of teaching people to improve their posture so as to secure maximum co-ordination of the various parts of the body and achieve relaxation in activity as well as at rest. To the layman it sounds a sensible approach to the stresses of modern life; and I am not surprised to hear that under Isobel Cripps's crusading sponsorship the Centre is winning support. I am sceptical about most forms of medicine and therefore disposed to sympathise with those who teach sensible methods of avoiding physical breakdown. My informant, who originally went to the Centre seeking relief from a painful and recurring ailment of the back, tells me that as a result of learning the technique he has for the last four years been free of the complaint and has twice the stamina and half the fatigue he ever knew before.

* * *

At a remarkable party given at the Indonesian Embassy on Monday night, the famous dances of Java, Bali and Sumatra were performed by Indonesian dancers to the accompaniment of an Indonesian orchestra played by young Dutch men and women wearing Javanese clothes. Surely a triumph of cultural co-operation. The xylophones and brass gongs which, together with long oval drums, made up the Javanese *gamelan* orchestra were made in Holland under the direction of a young Dutch musician who began ten years ago, during German occupation, to collect a group of enthusiasts who have been practising Indonesian music ever since. I have seen some of the dances more than once before, but never so exquisitely performed. I particularly enjoyed the stylised fight of two Ramayana heroes. The *Kebyar* is a surprising Balinist dance in which the performer never stands upright, but relies for emotional effect on the movements of his hands and changes of facial expression; the dance from Sumatra, of course, was the familiar candle dance in which the dancer, holding lighted candles on plates in each hand, turns somersaults and rolls on the ground, miraculously keeping the candles alight and upright as they pass under and round his body. They tell me that this is a rice harvest dance in which "the plate symbolises prosperity and abundance, and the light of the candles, life that is ever young and new."

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Indicating how thoroughly they did their job, he told the Council that, at their last meeting, all the members of the committee were engaged, for a time, on counting sheets of toilet paper to see which firm offered the best value!—*Lincolnshire Echo.* (H. C. West.)

When Gilbert wrote the lyrics of *The Yeoman of the Guard* and Sullivan added the music, well over 50 years ago, neither could have visualised that in 1952 the senior scholars of the Mablethorpe County School would be presenting this musical play.—*Louth Standard.* (M. Horne.)

It (The National Coal Board) is to-day run by committees—a word savouring of Communism.—*Colliery Guardian.* (H. Gosse.)

Because householders in an Olton road think that their homes are not of the type indicated by the name of the road—Ulverley Terrace—it has been renamed Ulverley Crescent.—*Birmingham Mail.* (H. F. Hands.)

A doctor said at Liverpool Assizes to-day that a man stated by the police to have been "fighting drunk" when arrested for a motoring offence, was suffering from a highly developed neurosis. This was largely attributable to the fact that he had won more than £20,000 on a football pool.—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.* (Jeremy Mitchell.)

An intellectual bachelor required for pig farming. —Advt. in *The Times.* (John M. Hall.)

## BLACK INGRATITUDE

"Western European civilisation has been delivered to South Africa as a sacred trust . . . for all sections of the non-European population."—*Dr. Malan.*

Malan the Prophet's voice is heard—
Though Europe's feet have gone astray,
South Africa is not deterred
From walking in the Christian way.
The Afrikaner by God's grace
Is guardian of the Native race.

On Gospel truth the Elders stand,
Heirs in an unbelieving age
Of Athens, Rome, the Holy Land—
Civilisation's heritage,
And Dutch Reformed, God-fearing Whites
Will act according to its lights.

Though ignorance and prejudice
Would try the patience of a Job,
When those of little faith dismiss
The Nationalist as Negrophobe,
South Africa by faith sustained
Will rule the Blacks as God ordained.

The Nationalists, God's Elect,
From the non-European's touch,
From all defilement will protect
The threatened and outnumbered Dutch.
Since God himself has specified
The gulfs that White from Black divide.

Civilisation we preserve
In spite of Commonwealth attacks—
Subjection is decreed to serve
The higher interests of the Blacks,
And racial segregation laws
Are pillars of the Christian cause.

And though the subject Native caste
Campaign against a law so just,
South Africa unto the last
Stands faithful to her sacred trust,
Traduced, maligned, misunderstood,
And faced with Black ingratitude.

SAGITTARIUS

# Banzai!

*(By a Special Correspondent in Japan)*

THE Japanese are off to a flying start in their headlong rush for democratic escape from the bonds of Occupation. Indeed, the Western observer must be struck by the resemblance to a nation-wide "*banzai* charge" as ratification of the peace treaty is assured. The contemporary scene is a wild confusion of bawling patriotism, reckless advance with wasteful casualties under expendable leadership, and an arrogant skyful of Rising Sun flags. Even stubborn optimists who helped shape the Occupation, and who were proudly convinced of the permanence of their democratic achievement, are agitated at the enthusiastic destruction of precious Occupation reforms and the tearing down of beneficent Western standards. There is a brutal nip of ingratitude in the crisp spring air of Tokyo. The symbol of the Occupation in the early days was a crusading evangelist, carrying the pious gospel of the West to blandly bowing crowds in the atom rubble of Hiroshima itself. ("How many villages have you democratised this month?" was the celebrated inquiry of a newly arrived U.S. Military Government colonel to his prefectural staff.) To-day, the evangelist has been replaced by a King Lear from Washington, D.C., dismayed and wincing from thankless *banzai* swords sharper than any dishonourable serpent's tooth.

The spectacle has its pathetic undertones but it was to be expected. No one who lived in Japan before the Occupation Experiment in Illusion really had any doubt of the artificiality of the repression imposed on the people by the sur-

tender and the Emperor's rescript. The Japanese are the best losers and the worst winners in the world. In adversity, they are magnificent; they react with fortitude, self-sacrificing co-operation and simple courage to the terror and ordeal of great earthquakes. In victory, they are insufferable: the surrenders of Nanking, Shanghai and Manila encouraged their triumphant atrocities. The stategy and tactics of the good John Foster Dulles, in negotiating the peace treaty, and of the able Dean Rusk, in concluding the subsequent security pact, were unhappily designed to appeal to the worst elements in the Japanese after their stoical acceptance of defeat.

At best, the peace treaty has been received in Japan with indifference and ingratitude, mixed with angry criticism. As the popular Japanese conviction grew — encouraged by Dulles' unctuous tributes to our trusty and well-beloved Japanese allies—that "the West can't do without us," the old national arrogance returned to bedevil Rusk with demands that the American troops remaining in Japan for Japanese security must be treated as a necessary evil. Angry General Ridgway saw his command headquarters removed to humble quarters sufficiently remote o avoid grievous affront to the sensitivities of the West's new loyal allies. Helpless under State Department policy, he fumed, in his most printable remark: "They expect me to run the Korean war and command United States troops from the middle of a rice-paddy." Even the sonorous voice of Dulles, booming trans-Pacific assurances of Washington's burning admiration for her eager and devoted Japanese partners, was drowned by new violent accusations of "Extraterritoriality!" because U.S. military courts, and not Japanese civil courts, would retain jurisdiction over U.S. military personnel. And the more the Americans bowed, the more of course the Japanese strutted.

Meanwhile, fundamental Occupation reforms are being ruthlessly demolished. The Great Purge has been dumped. Prominent "ex-purgees" are resuming their positions of authority in industry and politics, their prestige enhanced because of their "punishment" by the Occupation. Conversely, those Japanese who held approved positions of responsibility in public life under the Occupation are now bowing out: no matter how reluctantly they served or how patriotically they sought to protect and promote Japanese interests, they bear the stigma of collaboration. Led by the venerable Mitsui and Mitsubishi trusts, the old Zaibatsu concerns, which were dissolved by MacArthur in 1946, are beginning to regroup. Distinguished ex-members of the old "dangerous thoughts" police are actively "advising" the new Special Investigation Branch of the Attorney-General's Department, which is charged at the moment with control of the awakening Communist Party. Another favourite reform of General MacArthur is marked for reversal—decentralisation of police control. Muscle-flexing demonstrations by the Communist Party in Tokyo were swiftly used as an excuse by Cabinet Ministers to denounce "the weak, divided, uneconomic structure of police defences against the Red menace." The hapless General Ridgway has so far managed to resist persistent pressure to re-establish the Home Ministry of notorious memory, but the old totalitarian authority will assuredly return, in conjunction with unified police administration, as soon as Ridgway becomes a guest of the Japanese and takes up more seemly servants' quarters in his rice-paddy.

Democratic political processes to control the feverish national "release" are largely confined to a personal struggle for power among leaders of the Right-wing parties. There is now a Progressive Party (without a leader) as well as the Democratic Party and the Liberal Party which supports, to a decreasing degree, the Government of Mr. Yoshida. The Socialist Party is sundered and has no leader or prospective leader. The overriding issue is whether the recently "depurged" Ichiro Hatoyama, who founded the Liberal Party in 1946 but who had the good fortune to be purged for his pro-Nazi pre-war activities before taking office, will succeed Yoshida, who was acceptable to the Occupation and who has since filled Hatoyama's vacancy. Hatoyama, it is understood, was prudent enough to secure a written promise from his old friend, Yoshida, to stand down when all the Occupation nonsense had blown over. But, under the urgings of his Kitchen Cabinet of relatives and close retainers, Yoshida is now showing signs of clinging to office. He is an obstinate fellow, a sturdy specimen of the old school, who smokes cigars, likes to think of himself as "the Churchill of Japan," resents being described as "conservative" instead of "liberal," and boasts the rare distinction in Japanese political life of having never been mixed up in a corruption scandal. (Rural reaction to democratic parliamentary methods is still best summed up in the querulous inquiry of Mrs. Miyamoto, wife of the Patriarch of the Hairy Ainus in Hokkaido, after the election in which both Hairy Ainu candidates lost their deposits: "What's the good of democracy if the people you vote for don't get in?")

On the industrial front, *banzai* over-production has piled up, swelling stockpiles of surplus textiles, rubber manufactures, iron and steel products, chemicals, oils and fats and pulp. Action is now being taken to correct this: cotton textile output has been cut by 40 per cent., rubber manufactures by 30 per cent. Prime Minister Yoshida's Liberals are simultaneously foreshadowing legislation to correct what are described as "excessively democratic" labour standards—annual vacation, overtime pay, protection for juvenile and women workers, and so on. Liberal coal proprietors want to put girl workers of 16 and 18 back into the mines. The trade unions (5½ million members), overwhelmingly anti-Communist, are not yet experienced enough to handle this threat to their Occupation-won privileges. ("Japan's reactionaries will be Communism's most effective recruiting agents once the Occupation ends," Sanzo Nozaka, Japan's now-missing Communist leader, forecast to foreign correspondents in 1947.) The trade union movement, it must also be remembered, was opposed to the peace treaty because it provided for American bases in Japan and did not recognise Red China.

The Japanese, traditionally and instinctively, are anti-Communist. Their own self-interest will tend to keep them in line with anti-Communist policy in the Pacific for some time—particularly as they expect U.S. aid for (a) rearmament, which they insist blandly they cannot afford, and (b) advantages in South-East Asiatic markets, which they insist they merit because of their loss of the Red China market. But it is folly to pretend that the Occupation has wrought some profound spiritual transformation in the Japanese temperament, or that alien Western notions of democracy have taken hold of the people and their leaders. One danger is that the Japanese, in their refound self-confidence, may be encouraged to believe that they can boldly and safely play off the stupid West against Communism and gain profit from both sides. This danger can only be increased by the deluded adulation and concessions now accorded to the Japanese leaders. Soft words have never turned away a *banzai* charge.

*Tokyo, March.*

# Hybrid Isles

## I. Seven Years After

King John was a good loser. He lost his baggage in the Wash, his powers at Runnymede, and his domains in Normandy. But, by some oversight, he did not lose the Channel Islands. For the seven subsequent centuries, this anomaly has shaped the history of these hybrid islands. They should, as place-names and customs alike remind you, be French. Their institutions and their *patois* are Norman in origin. And though French arms could never hold them for long against the successors of King John, geography still ties them as closely to France as history links them to the British Crown. Even now, in Jersey, "the mainlaind" may mean either the blue coast of the Cotentin Peninsula or the invisible cliffs of Dorset. In 1940, it was geography that triumphed: when France fell, so did the islands.

It is difficult now, seven years after the last Germans surrendered, to realise that they were ever there at all. The grass is growing over the concrete bunkers which, by the labour of thousands of Todt workers, they added to the fortifications which each century has heaped on the cliffs and headlands. Seven years of common effort for recovery have helped to heal the breach, at first so sharp, between those who left in 1940 and those who waited passively for the Germans to come. The "evacuees" returned to find much of their property wrecked or plundered, and to taunt those who had remained as "collaborators." The remainder, the only in the British Isles to spend five years under Nazi occupation, had the memory of hunger and hardship: at least, they could reply to their critics, they had not run away, and though the Germans had behaved, on the whole, with moderation, the occupation had been much harder to bear than five years of exile in Britain.

If the liberation had followed the Continental pattern, it might well have divided the islanders into two irreconcilable factions—the "evacuees" and the "collaborators." Sensibly, this factionalism was left to settle itself without any official witch-hunts. It would have been so easy to disrupt these small and intimate communities: it was wiser to let recrimination alone and concentrate on reconstruction. Curiously enough, the only serious legal proceedings that have arisen in the aftermath of occupation concern the members of the Guernsey police force who were arrested and sentenced by the Germans for looting stores: at the same time, they were tried in the Royal Court for what, in effect, were acts committed against the King's enemies. This curious matter has not yet been settled. In the absence of a Court of Criminal Appeal in Guernsey, the former policemen have had to seek and have recently secured the right to appeal to the Privy Council. It would be improper, at this stage, to comment on the merits of their case. But it will certainly raise some fascinating legal arguments. For what is the status of a Royal Court acting under enemy occupation? So far as I know, the question is unique. And it is not much affected by the claim of some local people that the police were looting civilian supplies for their own advantage, and the counter-claim of the policemen that they were carrying on a resistance movement, and that the food they stole was to be used to help escaping British airmen or any agents who might be landed.

Save for the people directly concerned, however, such arguments have become largely academic. There has been so much else to do. The pre-war economy of the islands was virtually

destroyed. Alderney was totally evacuated, and had to be resettled. Guernsey and Jersey had to absorb nearly half their old populations, returning from exile; to build up their cattle stocks; and restore their important tomato and potato cultures. The islands needed food, equipment, fertilisers and coal. They had to win back their old markets for flowers, potatoes and tomatoes, and the tourists, on whom the islands depend for a large part of their trade balance, had to be enticed back again. Taken together, these tasks were formidable enough to need all the efforts of a group of islands whose total population is no larger than that of an average county borough, and whose only resources are intensive horticulture and summer visitors. To-day, conditions seem to be back to normal. The immediate post-war financial crisis was overcome by means of British Government grants running into millions of pounds, and the shortage of supplies was made up by giving the islands the same priorities as export markets. Now the balance of trade has been restored, the islands can again take care of themselves.

If, politically and socially, the years of German rule left a legacy of resentment and suspicion, this does not seem to interfere much with the islanders' traditional solidarity against outsiders. I hope I may be forgiven for saying that the majority think of themselves first as Channel Islanders—or even as Jerseymen or Guernseymen—and only secondly as British subjects; and there is no doubt that this conscious insularity made it easier for them to bear the Nazi occupation placidly. There was, after all, no sharp break in the rhythm of their political life. They were permitted to continue their own form of civil government—with the Germans temporarily replacing the British as ultimate arbiters—without any break. Only in the case of Alderney was it necessary to start again from scratch after the war and laboriously to piece together the broken threads of the social fabric.

The war, however, did bring some changes. The government of the islands is still archaic in form, but constitutional reforms have carried the various States further towards real representative democracy. The number of elected deputies has been increased and the franchise extended, though each assembly still contains a number of nominated, permanent or *ex officio* members. In Sark, for instance, the forty landowners sit by right in the Chief Pleas alongside the twelve elected deputies. In Sark, too, it was necessary to hold two special elections and to pass a Validation Act in order to make up for the twenty-five years in which, by virtue of the Chief Pleas' failure to carry out the electoral reform which followed the First World War, its legislation proved to have been invalid. In Guernsey and Jersey—in the latter case largely through the initiative of a now defunct "resistance" group called the Jersey Democratic Movement—constitutional changes gave St. Peter Port and St. Helier a more equal voice to that of the countryside.

For it is the conflict of outlook between the two large towns and their respective hinterlands which is the line of political division in the two larger islands, much more than any lingering cleavage about wartime behaviour. The growers, more conservative and economy-minded than the townsfolk, have dominated the States in the past, and it is from them that the greatest resistance comes either to political reforms, which weaken their hold on the government, or to social legislation, which lays an additional financial burden upon them. None of the islands has party politics in the British sense, and voting in the States tends to follow this urban-rural antagonism. It is only since the war that Guernsey has had "Labour" candidates—backed by the local branch of the Transport and General Workers Union—and the three who were successful at the recent general election speak in the States rather more as the representatives of the St. Peter Port interest than merely of organised Labour. And in Jersey, the T. & G.W. and an embryonic Labour Party rely upon "progressive" deputies from St. Helier to champion causes they have at heart against the conservative and rural element.

Seven years after liberation, in fact, the islanders are back into their familiar groove, with but minor concessions to modernity. They appreciate their special status. Apart from the fiscal advantages of home rule—and both their hybrid culture and the absence of purchase and excise taxes are great points of attraction to summer tourists—they feel that they can opt out of many contemporary troubles. Foreign policy is not for them; they have not, indeed, accepted conscription yet, though it is clearly coming upon them. They have had priority supplies of many things, especially motor cars, and the posses of commercial travellers you meet in the hotels or on the planes at this time of year are evidence of the mainland's anxiety for their custom. "Why should we worry," said a Jersey shopkeeper, "we shall be all right until the Russians come, and we can't stop them." The geography lesson of 1940, it seems, is still fresh in the islanders' minds.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

*St. Peter Port, Guernsey.*

# Fortune-tellers

THE other day I went to have my fortune told. One of the odd things about the law of England is that, despite the Vagrancy Act, 1824, you can have this done anywhere in the country and at any time. You do not have to wait until a travelling showman brings his disciples to your local heath—nearly every amusement arcade has its fortune-teller, usually wearing a Paisley shawl and masquerading as a gypsy. I chose a West End fun-fair, where slot-machines lined the walls (most of them illegal), two strikingly different melodies belched simultaneously from two juke-boxes, and a group of young Negroes, grouped disconsolately round the one nearest the entrance, twitched their hunched shoulders in rhythmical unison and didn't even look up as I slipped by. I hoped their absorption would last until I was behind the fortune-teller's curtain, and I think it did.

She began by collecting half a crown from me, spreading out my left hand, and examining it for character. Strong, she said this was, and a bit ruthless. That was all, really; if I wanted a right-hand reading (which, of course, was the one that really mattered) it would be another five shillings, dear. I paid up. I wouldn't always have to do manual work, she read out from my right hand; better times were coming. I would probably win a national prize for rifle-shooting (at the moment, between ourselves, I should probably miss St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill; but she may have hoped to interest me in the marksman's booth on the left as you go out). But despite this kind of thing I should never be wealthy. I should live to a ripe old age unless something or other happened—I couldn't quite understand what this was, but she discouraged questions: it may have been unless I died earlier. And that was all.

It may be all you can get in a fun-fair. Of its illegality there can't be the smallest doubt: the prohibition in the Vagrancy Act, 1824, applies to "every person pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or" (this "or" is important) "using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose on any of Her Majesty's subjects." Something told me that the lady in the fun-fair not only knew that her discourse was bunk, but knew that I knew. Did that matter? If she were to be prosecuted, must there be proof that she had "intended to deceive"? The Judges of the Queen's Bench Division have disagreed on this. In 1918 they held (*Davis v. Curry*) that such an intention is one of the ingredients of the offence—Mr. Justice Avory strongly dissenting. Three years later they decided (*Stonehouse v. Masson*) that it doesn't matter whether there was this intention or not—the fortune-teller is not entitled to call evidence that she honestly believed herself to possess unusual powers. The later decision is the law to-day.

It seems doubtful whether the silly women in the fun-fair booths really do much harm. They know better than to prophesy early deaths or disasters, and they do not promise to net husbands for gullible spinsters. Their unofficial immunity from the law may be due to the fatuity of their pronouncements and the shortage of man-power in the police; but it certainly leads many people to suppose that there must be some way in which they attain legal status. All the more, therefore, is it believed that the front-parlour practitioners in respectable streets, sometimes charging eight or ten guineas for "consultations" and openly advertising themselves as telling fortunes, must be on the right side of the law. "But they *are* legal, aren't they?" I was asked the other day by a man who disapproved of them caustically. "I mean, they're always in residence—I know a mother and daughter who have been at it for twenty years, always in the same house: the police could have dropped on them at any time."

I doubt if this aspect of the thing has received enough attention. When the law is not enforced, people don't know what the law is; and because fortune-tellers flout the Vagrancy Act so cheerfully, while the few who are rightly charged with obtaining money by false pretences are portrayed in the press reports as heartless scoundrels, the belief grows that some kinds of fortune-tellers have the approval of the police and must therefore be reliable. Hence, perhaps, the demand for them in fun-fairs, in fairs without fun, and in the occasional basement flat in Notting Hill.

The demand certainly exists. "Amusement caterers" are sensitive to it, and although their trade association regards fortune-tellers without enthusiasm (very few being members), they will install one where the demand is apparent and the ground landlord does not object. The Showmen's Guild of Great Britain does not admit them to membership, though some showmen tolerate them uneasily.

There are, however, signs that the law itself is weakening. Until 1948, when the Criminal Justice Act made it the sole concern of the police, you or I could have arrested the lady in the fun-fair and taken her to the police station. And because the Vagrancy Act provision has been used in this way against genuine spiritualists, whose beliefs, still distrusted by the majority as a kind of frightening necromancy, have attracted something unpleasantly resembling religious persecution, the Spiritualists' National Union has now succeeded in getting it repealed (so far as it could concern them) by the Fraudulent Mediums Act of 1951. The ridiculous Witchcraft Act of 1735 is also repealed. A prosecution under the new Act requires proof of an intention to deceive, of the acceptance of money or some valuable thing, and of a pretence to spiritualistic, telepathic, or clairvoyant powers. Stage performers and conjurors benefit by a clause which says that the Act is not to apply to anything done "for the purpose of entertainment"; and, even if this does not

# SULPHUR

"*BRING* me fire, that I may purify the house with sulphur" wrote Homer in the Odyssey. From these ancient medicinal applications, sulphur, in the form of sulphuric acid and other chemicals, has so extended its uses that today this yellow rock, which burns to form choking fumes, is one of the most important elements used as a raw material in modern civilisation. In recent times most of the world's needs for elemental sulphur—amounting to 5-6 million tons annually—have been supplied from deposits in the U.S.A., but these are fast becoming exhausted as more and more sulphur is needed for industrial, agricultural and other purposes.

Since the early 1930s, I.C.I. has been developing methods of making sulphuric acid from anhydrite, which is found in large quantities in many parts of Great Britain. It is fortunate, now that the sulphur situation is critical, that I.C.I. is thus able not only to increase its own production of sulphuric acid from British sources, but also to place its accumulated research and production knowledge at the disposal of some of the principal British acid users. Plans are indeed now going forward to install new plants which will make sulphuric acid from this indigenous raw material and thus reduce the need to import sulphur from overseas. I.C.I. has also converted other plants to utilise the sulphur recovered as spent oxide made in the purification of town gas.

ICI

exempt the woman who foresees that I shall win the Queen's Cup at Bisley, she will escape because the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions is necessary (and in her case will hardly be forthcoming) to prosecute her.

The Larceny Act, 1916, can take care of the cynical frauds by which spinsters are induced to part with large sums of money to so-called gypsies who undertake to find them husbands by weaving spells, and of the pitiless harpies who enrich themselves at the expense of childless women willing to sell up their homes for quack fertility prescriptions. Only the Vagrancy Act remains to control those who use palmistry, crystal-gazing, tea-leaves, astrology, and playing-cards to exploit the unshakable credulity of the superstitious. I do not myself urge that they should all be prosecuted, especially while the newspapers and the soothsaying monthlies derive immunity from the High Court decision of 1936 (*Barbanell v. Naylor*) that to constitute the offence the fortune told must relate to an individual person and not, for example, to all those born in some kind of space-time relationship to a minor planet. And to enforce the Vagrancy Act "until the pips squeak," which would mean prosecution for any amateur pretending to read character by palmistry at a children's party, would be both absurd and impossible. I am for scrapping laws rather than for making them. Any law which is universally laughed at is highly eligible to be scrapped; but in place of this ineffectual provision of 1824, itself the product of superstition, I should like to see an enactment that not only empowered landlords to get fortune-tellers out of their premises but penalised them if they didn't. Fortune-tellers are not merely a symptom of the most abject spiritual poverty in a country that tolerates them: they can cause great unhappiness among the ignorant and the credulous. C. H. ROLPH

# To the Well

OUR local wash-house glows through mist or rain, behind the neon strips which dance in the wet pavements. At the rush-hours, people flood towards it as if to a tube-train, except that instead o parcels or evening papers they bear the week's dry bundled under their arms. But they are equally dissimilar: only that look of purposefulness is common to the lady with the heel-less slippers and the curling pins, and the pinstriped, black-hatted gentleman from the solicitor's opposite. For there might be a queue, and none of the washermen or women has time to waste.

Before the communal mateyness of this kind of washing begins to impress itself properly, piling up and weighing such very dirty linen in public is rather embarrassing. It is like glancing into uncurtained windows on early winter afternoons: the grimy collar, the vest with a hole in it attract as much curiosity as those glimpses of tea or dressmaking or domestic argument which catch the eye on a walk down a strange street. Besides, the contrast of laundry and owner is so often intriguing. The pinstriped gentleman owns so many pairs of socks and football stockings—and why, meticulous in every detail of professional dress, is he so unselfconscious as to bear them all through London tied together with string? That nylon-limbed lovely in the little fur cap and the synthetic orchid—you would have thought she would send her pillow-slips to an expensive hand-finished laundry. The curling-pinned lady in the slippers has brought enough, bundled into two bolster-cases, to fill two machines and cost two half-crowns. And there is something slightly disconcerting about the schoolboy, casually tucking sheets into the electric washer with one hand while the other disentangles the pages of his coloured comic.

But, of course, once one has paid, and shamefacedly bundled the contents of one's own linen basket into one in the rows of shiny machines, there is leisure. One relaxes into a bouncy chromium chair, though still a little tense. Just as the inexperienced broadcaster shivers and swallows until the green light turns red, so the novice at the Launderette trembles for the scarlet blink in the white enamel which tells him to open the little trapdoor in the top of the machine and tip in the soap powder. But once this is done, there is leisure to observe—comfortably, gently wrapped in the whirr of the washers and the tinkle of buttons slapped against steel sides.

One can watch the work through the glass door in the front of the machines, fascinated by cascades of water and bubbles—the catch-as-catch-can process which shoves first one garment and then another to the front for inspection, and then snatches it back again. Or one can escape to another world, like the schoolboy in his comic, or the pinstriped man in his Sartre (altogether a mass of contradictions, this pinstriped man). Or one can make conversation to the lady next door, whose friends, it transpires, thought she was mad because she was the first in the Buildings to use this place. But they all do now, which certainly goes to show. Or just sit, waiting for Action. As, for instance, when the cloud of suds in the pinstriped man's machine suddenly turns bright crimson, so that observers nudge one another and argue whether he, the owner, should be dragged from his book and told. Eventually they detach the pinstriped man, but nothing can be done: the machine must run its course. He puts away his book and stares agonised, until at last the washer twirls, spins, swings to a standstill, and the clothing flops to its floor.

Feeling like Theatre Probationers, we wheel the damp piles in little enamelled pails to more white cylinders. These, howling like wolves on the insertion of a penny in a slot, extract gallons of water from what normal hands would consider only damp. The pinstriped man's socks *have* run, and the white shorts are streaked like a set of Northern Lights. "I *asked* you," the attendant accuses, "if the colours was fast—now didn't I?" "Get it out with a bit o' bleach," the lady in the curling pins advises; "soak it," from someone else. Crimson as his socks, the pinstriped man wads his damp pink pile into a small wet haversack, and runs. "Not very friendly, is he?" the lady in the curlers says.

No doubt that is what it is. For in general, friendly *is* the word for our wash-house. It is true that we do not sway barefoot along the slimy pavements with shorts and slacks and pillow-cases piled on our heads; nor do we scream badinage at one another, pounding off shirt buttons against limestone chunks or slabs of bleached wood. But the wash-house is in many ways a reincarnation of the village well. Civilisation—lightning washpowders, wringers—took away: it drove washing into a solitary, backbreaking, nail-shattering drudgery on Monday morning at the individual copper. And now, coming full circle, pursuing mechanisation to its logical conclusion, it gives again. The local wash-house, commercial or municipal, is again becoming the focal point of local existence, not only for the neighbourhood's women, but quite often for its men. The regulars come and go at their settled days and times, meeting friends, chatting to strangers, inquiring after the rheumatism and relatives of the attendant. Newcomers are shepherded, informed by old hands upon such details as rubbing soap into shirt collars the night before, or avoiding the machine which has just spewed out some intensely greasy mechanics' overalls. Friends gossip, catch up with knitting and their library books. Personally I relax, knit, read or natter more effectively over a cuppa—for me a wash-house which threw in a canteen as well would become a more than weekly centre. But perhaps the management knows that, and realises that if the thing became a café-centre, the queues would be even longer, and the ironing never done. DIANA GILLON

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# On Our Side

I HAVE always been on our side since I was a lad. It was an early day when I realised that we are the only people who matter and that, among us, people like me matter most. For a couple of seasons I wore a first team jersey on the Town Council. When no one could prevent it I made a speech. Of course I was allowed no mind of my own. If the decision was between begonias and lobelias in the municipal window-boxes, I voted by sealed order from Party Headquarters. If my fellow-stooges showed, by contrary vote, that they had contrary orders, I concealed my bewilderment. I was a sound party man.

It was some time before I met Incarnate Evil. I was standing in the early March sun in an agony of the spirit between the pub where I like the people but not the beer and the pub where I like the beer but loathe the people. A tall thin horse came up. It wore cuffs on the sleeves of its jacket, a striped waistcoat and drainpipe trousers. It smiled.

"Are you Fosdyke?" it said.

I admitted it.

"I'm Raphael Petticrow," he said, still smiling.

"Oh," I said.

The smile was a good turn, but on too long. Suddenly he realised it and switched off.

"Come and have a drink," he said and we went to a pub where I loathe both the beer and the people.

He got into trouble over this. His side pretended they didn't like it. This mattered to him: He was their parliamentary candidate. Somebody on our side said that if it was bad for Petticrow it was bad for me, but then he caught whooping cough and no more was heard of it all. Anyway, if they hadn't kept him they would have had to choose one of the others.

Next thing we heard, Incarnate Evil was standing for the County Council. We had a meeting. "Must put somebody up against Petticrow," said the Chairman.

"Of course," I said. We're hot on loyalty in our lot. Nobody else spoke. I looked around. Several people were looking at me. My mate was looking at his feet.

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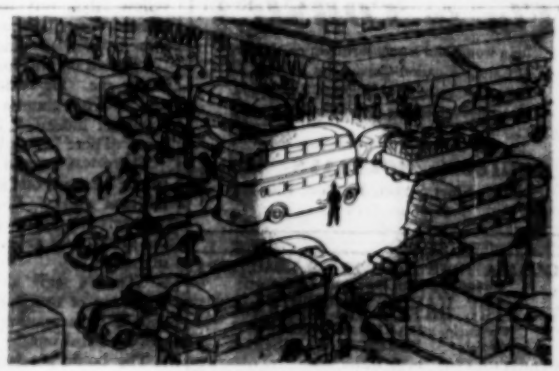

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"You don't mean me?" I said, but it seemed they did.

We went to work. Everyone knows that our party stands for the right and their's for the wrong. I explained this quite clearly in my election address, which had a photograph of me looking like a man caught robbing the kid's money box. You will realise that I was indignant to read Petticrow's election address claiming in two colours that he was right and we were wrong: there was a photograph of him, too, looking like "Before" in a constipation advert.

The universal opposition threw their stone into the troubled pool. Petticrow, they said, represented the old, bad task masters. I was a lumpen-leader, infantile Leftist, rural Bloomsburyite and social-fascist. They advised their members to vote for me.

"That's five, I'll get, anyway," I said.

We had a loudspeaker and some terrible weather. I stood on village greens and bellowed soft persuasion into the teeth of fierce gales. The electors, happy heirs of Tolpuddle and the suffragettes, made their doors faster and saw to their window latches. When we held a meeting indoors, all our side came along.

Polling day was sunny and bright. There were plenty of people in the committee room, very active. It seemed a pity there was nothing to do.

"How are we getting on?" I asked.

"Apathy," they said.

"Ah, yes, Apathy," I said, "That's what we're up against. Apathy. Well, I'd better go and look at the polling booths."

The first booth was in a school. One of Petticrow's stooges was at the door. He would have been taking the numbers of voters if anyone had been voting.

"How's it going?" I asked.

"Lousy," he said. "It's all this apathy."

"Why do you reckon there's this apathy?" I inquired.

"Isn't it obvious?" he raged. "It's because they're varnishing the kippers and there's not enough houses."

I said the County Council wasn't responsible for housing and fisheries.

Light began to dawn. His eyes narrowed.

"I suppose you're a ruddy Communist," he said.

I wasn't sorry when the clock struck nine and it was time to go and count.

"How have we done?" I asked my agent.

"Only one thing can beat us," he said.

"I know," I said.

Petticrow was there already, folded against the wall. Without effort he assembled himself. "Hello, Fosdyke," he said.

"Hello, Raphael," I said, and shook hands.

Each of us had a train of seconds, witnesses and sponge holders. They settled down to check the totals in the black tin boxes. Hopefully they handed up their first answer.

"Try again," said the Returning Officer, and they gave him a different figure. "Try again" he said.

At last they got the answer right for the first box.

"Not many from there," said one of Petticrow's squad.

"Same old trouble. You know what I mean. . . ."

"Only too well," I sighed, "Only too well."

They began to count. Fifty for him with a yellow label, fifty for me with a green. We seemed about level and it looked like becoming a long thirsty evening.

I looked up and found Incarnate Evil standing beside me. He folded down to head level and said: "What about a drink?"

"What indeed?" I said, "It's nearly closing time. There isn't a hope."

There was a tooth glass in the lavatory and a spider in the tooth glass. Petticrow had half a bottle of whisky. We took the glass in turns.

Slowly the yellow piles increased: slower still the green piles grew. "We've had it," I said to my agent.

"There's still time," said Incarnate Evil. "Talking of time," he said, "Do you think we should have another drink? It's over an hour since we had one."

The bottle got low and the vote came to an end.

"Everybody satisfied?" asked the Returning Officer.

"Satisfied," said Petticrow's agent.

"Can't complain," said mine.

I took Petticrow's hand, and we filed outside. A few people were waiting.

The Returning Officer gave the score and there were cheers and groans, but more groans. I shook Petticrow by the hand. He said if he had to beat somebody he was sorry it was me, and there were cheers and groans but more groans. We shook hands. I said I was sorry to be beaten, but if I had to be beaten I was glad it was Petticrow. There were more groans than cheers and I couldn't figure it out.

"Pity about Petticrow," I said, as we walked home.

"It's apathy," said my mate.

I'm more on our side than ever now

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## BEHIND THE SCENES

THE curtain rises on a deserted stage; there is a plain table, some prop chairs, a couple of naked lights, and three exhausted people. It is the end of a rehearsal. . . . Yes, you may groan a little at this prospect, for haven't we lately had rather a lot of Peeps Behind the Scenes, rosy and golden, or bitter sweet? But in this case we are to be conducted by the American playwright, Mr. Clifford Odets, and on the past evidence we can trust him for being concerned not with exploiting the magazine myths, but with penetrating behind the exterior to the intricacies of human behaviour and finding below the surface of hard-hitting interchange the uneasy movements of the heart. *Winter Journey*, at the St. James's, is a remarkable play, of a deceptive simplicity. It carries forward with an absolute certainty on a mounting emotional wave; but how great a craftsmanship has gone into its making, for nothing is stated, everything is implied. The relationships (and it is a play about human relationships and only incidentally connected with the theatre) become crystal clear, but they emerge out of indirect remarks and incidental encounters, as such things do in life. This is a triumph of naturalism; and more sensitive production and superlative acting you will not find anywhere.

The play centres round a "cunning drunkard," an actor called Frank Elgin who, ten years ago, before he began drinking, had been a star, and whom a young, tough, self-confident producer has taken on as an understudy for a new play. The leading man falls out and the producer, believing in the man's talent and in his own ability to produce it, is convinced he can reform the drunk and make him into a star again. In the opening scenes Frank Elgin is brought in to read the part before the reluctant backer. And in two minutes Mr. Michael Redgrave has created him whole. The over-high colour and self-distrustful gestures, the startled jump when someone clicks a lighter for his cigarette, and then the stumbled, stilted reading of the part—a little masterpiece of observation in close detail. He flings the book away, defeated before he has begun. But the producer is obstinate. He *can* do it. Let them improvise a scene; and then, hesitatingly, deprecatingly, untrustingly, the veteran tries it out, until gradually he loses his self-consciousness. He's there in the part, and acting with all his old fire.

This opening is one of the most brilliantly acted scenes I have seen for years, and then one begins to discern the pattern. The young producer, tremendously self-confident, arrogant, whose talent is for moulding human material, feels he can re-make this man. And it is natural for such a character to believe Elgin's story and so to misread the situation as to think that he must struggle against Elgin's wife.

Actually, Elgin is totally dependent on his wife. She, in the early days, fell into the trap of thinking she would reform him; now she knows better. She only hopes just to keep him going and that effort is exhausting her strength. She is at the end of her tether, tired right through to the bone; and Miss Googie Withers, in a beautifully controlled performance, suggests just this utter weariness of soul, in every small movement and gesture. She knows all too well that everything depends on her. To bedevil the situation, Frank Elgin, himself weak and childish, cannot admit to the others his dependence on her. He counts on it in private but in public he finds himself betraying her—all the time. That makes the crisis which at last produces the "bender" that is threatening from the moment Elgin is given the part. Only then do the producer and the wife discover that they are allies, not enemies, and together they successfully steer their *protégé* over a successful first night.

The play has a weakness which lies, I think, not in the "happy ending," but in a failure to

make the reconciliation between wife and producer sufficiently clinching to make that ending seem inevitable. But this is a small matter in comparison with the large rewards. The play has obviously been deeply felt and meticulously studied by its team of actors under Mr. Sam Wanamaker's most able direction. Mr. Redgrave, Miss Withers and Mr. Wanamaker himself act quite simply to perfection. T. C. WORSLEY

## ARMIDE

FOR most listeners, the two recent broadcasts of Gluck's *Armide* will have been a new experience, and for many a revelation. The performances, under Edmond Appia, were not so carefully prepared or so well executed as earlier B.B.C. Gluck revivals under Roger Désormière; but the singing was good, and the atmosphere of the opera, so different from the rest of Gluck, was faithfully transmitted.

It would be absurd to maintain that *Armide* was Gluck's best opera; that place belongs either to *Orfeo* or to *Iphigénie en Tauride*. Nevertheless, in matters of taste, especially of visual taste, we all tag along, more or less, with the *Zeitgeist*; and for that reason *Armide* might stand a better chance of success to-day than any of the other operas except *Orfeo*. The two *Iphigénies* and *Alceste* have a grave disadvantage from the modern point of view: they take place in Ancient Greece, and thus evoke a vision of peplons and fillets, of Alma Tadema and Isadora Duncan. This is inescapable: to fantasticate or baroquify these operas is to fly in the face of Gluck's severely classical conception. *Armide*, on the other hand, is a fiction of the High Renaissance about a Pagan enchantress in the time of the Crusades; mention Armida and her captive lover Rinaldo, and we immediately think of the glorious Tiepolo canvases in Munich or the frescoes in the Villa Valmarana. No stage designer would ask for a greater piece of good fortune than to decorate this opera for Covent Garden or Glyndebourne; and no choreographer could fail to enjoy inventing dances for the nymphs, naiads, furies and sorceresses for whom Gluck wrote exquisite melodies in such profusion.

Profusion and voluptuousness are indeed the keynote of this score. For once in a way, Gluck seems to have given his purely musical instinct its head; except in a single notable instance (the end of Act 3) he took over the old Quinault libretto just as it stood, disregarding the lapse of nearly a hundred years since Lully first composed it, and apparently forgetting most of his own and Calzabigi's operatic reforms. He would have done better, in fact, to have reshaped and compressed the five long acts, and to have given more scope, both dramatically and musically, to the hero Rinaldo. What are we to make of a great warrior who appears in only two of the acts, spending half of one asleep, and half of the other as the bored spectator of a ballet? Yet Rinaldo lingers in our memories as a romantic figure, merely because he is the centre of that wonderful scene, among the most sensuously beautiful in all opera, in which he succumbs to the beauty of Armida's magic garden ("Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire!"). The music (beautifully sung by Richard Lewis) is akin to that of Orpheus as he enters the Elysian Fields, but there are significant differences; in *Armide* the cantilena is more equally shared between voice and orchestra, and the effect of the lapping string quaver figures, with their perpetual harmonic suspensions, is, as it should be, softer and more luxurious.

If Rinaldo is a cold hero, Armida is undoubtedly the most human and irresistible of Gluck's women. In a curious way she contrives to anticipate three of Wagner's heroines: most obviously, of course, the sorceress Kundry, but also Isolde in her restless passion, her pride, her mingled love and hatred for the hero, and Brünnhilde in the scene of the final catastrophe when Armida calls upon the gods to destroy the visible scene and herself with it. The last, of course, is only a fortuitous resemblance; but it brings home to us the lack of constructive power and sheer musical resource that hampered Gluck at such moments as this. Previously Armida has been characterised by much wonderful and richly varied music. But Gluck is at his best in purely lyrical or static situations, and here he falls back on fragments of recitative and declamation which would do well enough in the middle of an early act but hardly rise to the height of the final situation. Geneviève Moisan, a striking dark-toned singer with a fine command of legato, did her best to achieve a worthy climax; but it was in the earlier acts that she found her greatest opportunities.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## BONNE-BOUCHE

JOHN CRANKO is the bright young British hope, as far as choreography goes. He has been nursed by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet for some years and now comes out with a gay, farcical ballet for the big company at Covent Garden. It is sub-titled *A Cautionary Tale*, and in its carefree horror is reminiscent of Hilaire Belloc's implacable rhymes. The date is about 1912; the places, South Kensington and the Jungle; the plot, a society mama selling her daughter to the best bidder—the daughter a willing abettor. But unlike Maria, who made Faces and a Deplorable Marriage, the South Kensington Miss smiles like honey and never gets married at all. One lover is faithful, but he is the least affluent and therefore regarded as a last resort. After three failures he is finally forestalled by a Black King, who has the young lady dished up steaming hot. It is Pauline Claydon, as the young lady, who shines in the company, itself transformed by a refreshing sense of fun. Her thinness and her long face take on the characteristics of the silly English deb in a delightful fashion, while her interpretation has a witty and delicate charm. The neigh-

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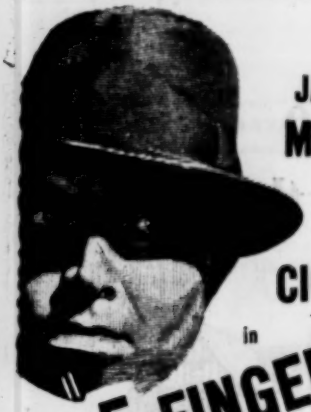

JAMES MASON AS CICERO in "5 FINGERS"

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bours, as all neighbours should be, are a fascinating source of conjecture, while Pamela May as Mother is a painfully teetering reminder of what mothers can be. Other dancers inclined to over- or under-do their parts. The Black King might have been any colour for all the blackness he put into his movement or expression, while John Hart rather overplayed the amorous blimp of a lover.

Choreographically the ballet is unsatisfactory, because it does not develop; indeed, it seems to recede, for the last South Kensington scene is a weaker repetition of the first—this first scene being a brilliant little ballet in itself. Mr. Cranko has been unable to bring the end to a climax, a fault partly due to the music, but chiefly to lack of stamina and tension in the ensembles, which disperse, build up and disperse again in the most annoying way. This weakness will only obtrude on a second and third viewing; at first sight the ballet is so gay and, to Londoners, such a charming burlesque that it should be greatly enjoyed. Arthur Oldham's music is satirical and fascinating, but it seems to me to need the lift that would be given by a lyrical interlude. Speaking generally, a little more dancing and fewer jokes would have given a poetic quality and precluded the thought of a revue number.

Unstinted praise must go to Osbert Lancaster for his *décor* and costumes. The dresses of the mother, the neighbours and the parlour-maids, who flit about the girl in hopeful curiosity, are as enchanting in their mockery as in their suitability for ballet movement. The parlour-maids seem to fly on their starched frills, the mother sways with maternal anxiety inside her emerald tower of Pisa. The neighbours, stock figures of contemporary satire such as the arty couple, the sporty couple and the bright young things, are given new allure by their fancy frippery. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lancaster will design more ballets, for he has the unusual gift of seeing costume as a part of movement and not, as so many theatrical artists do, as a static cartoon.

ANNABEL FARJEON

## THE MOVIES

**"Five Fingers," at the Leicester Square**
**"The Magic Face," at the London Pavilion**
**"Tall Headlines," at the Gaumont**

It was high time we knew. For long, of course, it had been suspected that not Hitler, but "Hitler," conducted or rather misconducted the later campaigns of the war. Would the one-and-only at a crucial point have turned from England to affront Russia? Impossible. Someone else, unfamiliar perhaps with maps, must have done it. What we did not know till *The Magic Face* told us was that this deutero-Hitler made his blunders intentionally. He was determined to spare England and be swallowed up in Russia; he wanted to lose the war. How so?

Well, it appears (going back a little to Vienna) that one night Hitler went to the music-hall where his eye lighted upon an impersonator's blonde assistant. So to Berlin he takes her with him. The impersonator (after a natural spell in prison) follows and studies to become Hitler's valet; in which after a while he succeeds. Comes the evening when he puts poison in Hitler's glass of milk; swiftly himself he disguises as Hitler; the intimates are deceived, the rest follows. How clear it all is! What other explanation could there possibly be? And some events in this masquerade are most diverting. If it was pure luck, when the generals laid their bomb under the chair, that "Hitler" should choose that moment to walk to the window, it was calculation that thrust the unlucky German armies ever deeper into the Russian snows, that refused reinforcements to the defenders of Cherbourg and the greater Reich. The generals get more and more foxed, the blonde basks in the Chancellorian favour (not knowing it to be her husband's), and "Hitler's" one slip, a cigarette-end left on a lunch tray, is quickly made good by shooting the discoverer. So we owe our existence, not to the few or the many, but to the matrimonial woes of new Vienna.

Unfortunately in the film the same actor, Mr. Luther Adler, plays both Hitler and "Hitler," thus making it rather easy for the second. Nor is he, except superficially, at all like the original. His Adolf is a cold potato, and whatever Adolf may have been he was not that.

Then, from *Five Fingers*, a considerably better film, we learn that another valet, in Ankara, was doing his best to lose us the war by selling top secrets to the German embassy. He sold them the D-day tit-bit, but by then the Germans were beginning to suspect their informant and the document was torn up and sent fluttering from a window. Perhaps it was the valet in Berlin who gave the order to do so. (And what were the valets of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin up to at that moment?) This history, we are assured, is *really* true; the English ambassador's man-servant did photograph documents from the safe and sell them for pounds sterling, that afterwards proved to be counterfeit; and there is the informant's own confession, published as *Operation Cicero*, to prove it. Considering the authenticity of the story and its picturesque background, the thrills of *Five Fingers* ought to have been multiplied by ten. It makes a brisk and beguiling but curiously unthrilling movie, partly perhaps because Mr. James Mason does not seem fitted by nature to portray wily Albanian valets. He gives a very smooth performance in a smooth film.

*Tall Headlines* sets out to depict what will happen to an English suburban family when the eldest son murders a girl on Putney Heath and swings for it. Murder most foul; melodrama most feeble—the murderer's ghost must come back to persuade the other son that he has the same strain in him! Yet in the frightful publicity attaching to murder, *Tall Headlines* had a theme both good and sufficient in itself.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## RADIO NOTES

THE peculiarities of short-wave transmission make eavesdropping on the Overseas Services an impossibility for most of us in this country. It is a pity, for while much material is rebroadcast from our own services, there is also a good deal that is interesting, original, and boldly experimental. As an example, on the Latin-American service last year (before it was cut down so drastically) the Voyage of Columbus was reconstructed in the form of a dramatic record in twenty-one parts, based on Columbus's diary, following on the exact days the actual events and course of the journey. Elsewhere, variants of the popular question forum are many; I have heard, for instance, sessions of *Asian Club*, in which experts on the evening's topic (they may range from Bertrand Russell to a senior official of Scotland Yard) answer the queries put by Asian men and women working in London. One of the most important recent projects on the General Overseas Service was a 15-week series called *Man and the Soil*, in which the whole subject of man's treatment of the land, over most of the world's surface, was examined by a range of authorities in talks and in discussions. This series might well be rebroadcast on the Home programme.

On the Third Programme a talk of unusual distinction last week was *U.N.O. and War Crimes* by A. L. Goodhart, Q.C., the Master of University College, Oxford. Primarily a commentary on Lord Maugham's and Lord Hankey's criticism of the trials of war criminals, this elegant and dignified analysis was in fact an illustration of what is best in the principle of law opposed to what is worst in its practice—namely, the technical verbal quibble. (By this, for instance, Lord Maugham would have his war criminals go scot-free because their deeds are on such a scale and of such a kind that they have no legal precedent). "There is much," remarked Dr. Goodhart, "to be said for the view expressed by the court at Nuremberg that 'Crimes against international law are committed by man, not by abstract entities, and only by punishing individuals who commit such crimes can the provisions of international law be enforced.'" To hear a great lawyer in action can be a dramatic and moving experience. To listen, even on the air,

to Dr. Goodhart's exposition of his theme and his final summing up (the contribution of the trials to the vindication of justice and to future world peace) was undoubtedly an experience of this kind.

*The Sailor's Wife* by Catherine Duncan, an unusual little verse drama about a honeymoon in Paris and a three months' separation, left me rather perplexed. Stylishly produced (by Christopher Sykes), very nicely acted, sometimes quite beautifully written, it was also sweet, sickly, and even, at times, whimsical—a piece of self-indulgence, one fears, not a work of art. Why *Paris?* the listener asks in exasperation? And if so, why a *sailor?* and why that equally improbable poet? Can we possibly care about any of them? I think not. All the same, there was a freshness about the words themselves, if not about the people, setting, or situations; and I am prepared to listen with rather more pleasure to a work less private and less personal by the same author.

F. E. Smith must surely be the least likeable of all the famous members of the great Smith family; and the programme *Smith of My Own Fortune* was most skilful in the way in which it allowed the subject to overpower, by his own deeds and words, the guileless and laudatory picture given by the narration. Nothing could be more Macchiavellian, for instance, than the frequent references to F.E.'s wit, and the malicious and ugly example that illustrated it.

Early press day for Easter prevents me reporting on the week-end radio programmes. But I did hear what proved to be the "sponsored" amateur commentary on the Grand National. When told that it was not meant to be funny, I thought it very funny indeed. NAOMI LEWIS

### "The Young Elizabeth," at the New Theatre

The immense enthusiasm which greeted this play was, of course, aided by the lucky topicality of its final scene in which the young Queen takes over a bankrupt kingdom, with a prophetic glance at a coming Elizabethan age, but it was mainly due to the performance of Mary Morris as Elizabeth, the development of whose character provides a central theme for what would otherwise be a string of historic episodes. She is as convincing as the adolescent, kicking up her heels and embracing Thomas Seymour, as she is when she has become the shrewd, calculating Queen who avoids incriminating herself when her loyal friends go to the scaffold. But Elizabeth is only half the drama; her foil is Peggy Thorpe-Bates, the bitter, neurotic and, in the end, almost crazed Mary Tudor. The fight is not only between two women, but between two futures for England. Someone remarked, as we left the theatre, that Mary's part was absurdly exaggerated. This was "all scarlet woman, no popery stuff." The answer is that it is difficult to exaggerate the contrast between England as it would have been under Philip of Spain, and the Protestant England of the Elizabethan age. The chief weakness of the play is that the two authors have not succeeded in overcoming the difficult problem set by trying to combine modern speech with period language. Among the other actors, Margaretta Scott makes a beautiful Katherine Parr, and Margaret Scudamore is excellent as Elizabeth's faithful nurse and Eric Dodson as the persecuting bishop. But the men get very little chance. They are usually quickly executed and are always overshadowed. Mary Morris and Peggy Thorpe-Bates are likely to be drawing full houses for many a long day or, rather, for many an enthusiastic evening.

K. M.

### Jacques Villon, at the Lefèvre

Villon has called himself the Impressionist among the Cubists and this first London exhibition of works dating from 1908 to 1951 bears out the truth of his statement. Nor is the combination as incompatible as it sounds. Villon's impressionism lies in his overriding interest in colour and the diffusion of light; his cubism in his recognition of structure, revealed by the inter-relationship of planes. The two are combined rather in the same way as we associate both with the word *prismatic*. In Villon's paintings we seem to look, as through a reversed periscope, into scenes—a farmyard with a threshing machine, a factory, an orange grove—where light is as definite an element as water, where colours simultaneously are disembodied into pale, vibrant units of a spectrum, and planes, by refraction, are flattened round corners. Somehow the normal speed of light has been slowed down; our vision follows the passage of light, suffusing the whole surface of each plane before flowing over the edges to the next. Naturally, in paintings which are so entirely visual, everything depends upon the composition. Villon's best canvasses are not just satisfactorily cut-off chunks, but are, almost in the physicist's sense, fields of equilibrium. When they fail (for example, certain passages in No. 24) the failure distorts the whole process of appreciation; the surfaces of the colours and planes seem to become absorbent; our eyes get bogged down. In the end, one might criticise or recognise the limit of Villon's work by pointing out that it is never urgent, never profoundly moving. His art is essentially one of ease and refinement, but on the most serious level.

J. B.

# Correspondence

## IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—May I follow your review of Aneurin Bevan's book with my own friendly, frank and personal review of Aneurin Bevan?

On taking stock, after some time as secretary of the Policy Committee of the Labour Party, I found myself with great admiration and affection for two people, Aneurin Bevan and Herbert Morrison. In putting these two names in juxtaposition I am not trying to suggest that recent developments are an expression of a clash between the two of them. But I happen to regard them both as essential to the future development of our movement. I find it a tragedy that they are not together now on the front bench, with Attlee, as a spearhead of the attack on the Conservative Government.

Nye is, probably, a genius, but he has not yet found a medium for the expression of his genius. He has still to prove that he is a political genius. He has the capacity to be both the philosopher and the architect of the social revolution in the second half of the twentieth century. On the other hand he has within him the capacity to be the Jimmy Maxton of our generation—brilliant, well loved and powerless.

I want him to fill the more responsible and dynamic of these two roles. But before we accept him, I and my generation will demand that he should accept the restraints imposed by the assumption of leadership.

We reserve the right to attack his argument, as we have attacked the arguments of our front bench during this current Parliament, and we expect that right to be respected without arousing personal antagonism. We will not give him idolatry or sycophancy, which he does not want, because the standard which we set for him is too high. We want to be able to measure his contribution to debate for its intellectual and political value; we will not accept it merely because of the strength of the personality behind it.

We ask, too, that he should remember that to-day his audience extends beyond the crowded meeting hall, and that the words he utters in the flux of oratory can, when transposed and taken out of the context of the public meeting, be turned into an embarrassment to his supporters. To-day he talks to the world for the judgment of posterity; he must not talk to the audience for the momentary applause.

Nye has been proved right in his second thoughts on the issue of the £4,700m. armaments programme for the next three years, although to be fair the Government, in introducing it, did so with some sound reservations. The new argument, therefore, I see as follows:—

We all admit some rearmament to be necessary, although some of us differ on the appreciation of the Russian danger. On this point let us all be humble and say that we cannot really know the true strength of the danger, but that as a responsible political movement we dare not under-estimate it.


## A man of few words

Long before momentous events have become newspaper headlines, taciturn Tom Armstrong*, in charge of one of the paper-making machines at Bowaters Kemsley Mill, has run through the newsprint to carry the news.

At one end of the towering machine, a hundred yards in length, a sheet of liquid of the colour and apparent consistency of thin porridge is carried in by a moving belt. As it travels over a series of suction boxes this grey liquid quite suddenly whitens, for all the world like an egg beginning to poach. Almost instantaneously it has turned into paper, gliding on over steam-filled cylinders which carry it along to the roll.

If you can hear him above the noise, Armstrong will explain that four miles of paper are wound onto the roll every fifteen minutes throughout the twenty-four hours of every day. There are many such mammoth machines in the Bowater Organisation and this particular one happens to be the widest paper-making machine in the world. It is known, he will tell you, as "Bowaters' Number 5" — and it produces a roll 300 inches wide, which is cut into five to fit the printing presses. "Bit quicker than making papyrus," you shout, "What?" shouts Tom. "Quicker than making parchment," you bellow through your cupped hands. "No. 300 inches," Tom replies. "Widest in the world." And on a strip of newly-made paper he writes the figure down.

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Nye says that the new, reduced rearmament programme is still too heavy. Here let us all admit that time will show, and quickly, whether it is attainable or not, and that if the programme places too great a strain on our economy we must once again readjust it. The point is that *time will show*, and all I ask is that those who are proved to be wrong should admit it graciously, and those who are proved to be right should not say "I told you so." At least, not more than twice.

But rearmament is, I suggest, a relatively small issue compared to many on which our movement must reach decision. And the schisms on these major issues are in no way reflected in the recent groupings on rearmament. On the issue of the redistribution of the nation's wealth, which is fundamental to Socialism, many of the most active propagandists of the capital levy did not join Nye in the lobbies. The most active propagandists for the comprehensive school, which contains possibilities of a revolutionary attack upon the class structure, were not with Nye in the lobbies. Many of those who have the most radical views on the reorganisation of public industry, and on the methods of controlling private industry were, in our recent debates, in the opposite camp to Nye, so were some of the most trenchant opponents to German rearmament. So were many who are equally perturbed with Nye, at the present trend of foreign policy.

These are the matters which have to be argued out in the next two or three years and the sum of decisions upon them will add up to the Party's future policy. Nye's contribution to the discussion can be manifest in one of two ways:

He can be a leader of a group within us, a group which meets privily, takes group decisions, nominates its own spokesman or candidates for office, and has its own unwritten disciplines.

On the other hand, he can bring his views forward as an individual, knowing that with his breadth of vision and powers of exposition he will have more influence upon decision than we, the smaller fry.

It has been reported that Nye refused to stand for election to the front bench. I deplore this although I accept his reasons. But he should be there. Many who did not agree with him on rearmament would have voted him there. No front bench is so strong that it does not need strengthening; and nothing Nye has said in the House this Parliament could not have been said with equal vigour but with greater weight from the despatch box. We must, therefore, seek an early opportunity to put Nye on the front bench in order to strengthen our co-ordinated, directed and agreed attack upon the Conservative Government.

If we can agree to disagree on rearmament until later this year, when the issue will be proved, and if at the same time we can get on with our pressing task of rethinking our future instead of indulging in sterile argument about our immediate past, the whole movement will be reunited, strengthened and revivified. We can really begin to lay the foundations, not only for an early Labour Party victory, but for a social revolution.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

House of Commons.

## THE SEMI-POOR

SIR,—I really have no claim on your sympathy. I am no working man, I am not coloured; and the fact that I am a Jew and, remotely, one of Hitler's victims does not raise my status nowadays. Worse: I am a bourgeois. Of this, I am neither proud nor ashamed. To say I am a bourgeois is a statement of fact. It does not mean, though, that I am middle class; and on this I wish to say some words.

I belong to an undefined class, yet to a very real one, meaning that neither in my perplexities nor in my aspirations am I alone. We form a substantial number, though hardly anybody seems to mention us. We cannot even be called déclassés. I, for instance, am an architect with an urge to teach and to write, both of which I do. I am living quite an active, though perhaps not a very productive, kind of life; yet I don't belong to any class which can command respect.

I am married and have a child, not yet two years old. We have no furniture. So far, we have been living in furnished flats. This flat is in a—hardly converted—terrace house in Battersea, built in 1884. I would not call the house dilapidated; but it is softly peeling away, if you see what I mean; so is the furniture. We sleep in the old parlour. I work, in summer, in a backroom without a window. It would not be healthy as a nursery. We live in the kitchen, in the backwing; the scullery is our kitchen. The bathroom is shared with the people above; the W.C. is in a shack across the paved backyard. For this accommodation I pay twelve guineas per month, which is probably a decent rent; but which, for me, represents a rather heavy outlay.

I have, of course, put down my name, two and a half years ago, with the L.C.C. Housing Department. Every year I write them a modest letter to tell them that I am fully aware that I haven't really any claim; but that it would be gratifying if I could be considered one day. Once, I even went there to be told that my premises were in no way detrimental to my or my family's health, and that there was practically no hope of me being ever considered. "I know, Sir," said the friendly official, "that it is pretty galling. There are thousands of cases like yours and, perhaps, many more we don't know of (because they know better than to register with us). Labour does not care for the likes of you," he said, "so next time you know how to vote."

Now I don't complain of the L.C.C. I am fully aware of conditions prevailing among the poor. My flat is not a slum. But it would warm my heart if there would be any public or semi-public housing agency for people like me. So far, I have been unable to discover any such agency. I would not even consider it such an indignity if my school would set up a housing agency for its teachers. The teaching profession would be made very much more attractive if schools could do this sort of thing. I'll survive in my present flat; but I feel that this is not the only point that ought to be considered. I am not trying to be snobbish and to talk about style of life. But I hardly find it possible to do my writing in my flat where, for eight months out of the twelve, my wife, the boy and myself are living in the backwing room of approximately 80 sq. ft. Maybe in this respect a certain difference between classes does exist. My neighbours, when they are home from work, do not write about modern furniture nor do they study the housing problem in Sweden. It is for this reason, I think, that a low cost middle-class housing agency ought to find a place in our public housing activities.

Take another point: we like to have our boy about and the boy seems to like us; though he begins to find it quite a treat when he is on the Common with other children, only under remote control by his parents. But, frankly, the fact that we are never relieved of watching him begins to tell on my wife. And on me, to a minor degree, because it tends to interfere with my work. The babysitter is a luxury to be indulged in only on very special occasions. "Why," asked a friend, "don't you send the nipper to the day nursery? There is one right round the corner." There is one, true enough; but our son's parents are too rich for him to be accepted there. Again, I feel that low cost middle-class day nurseries might be justifiable institutions even from the Socialist point of view.

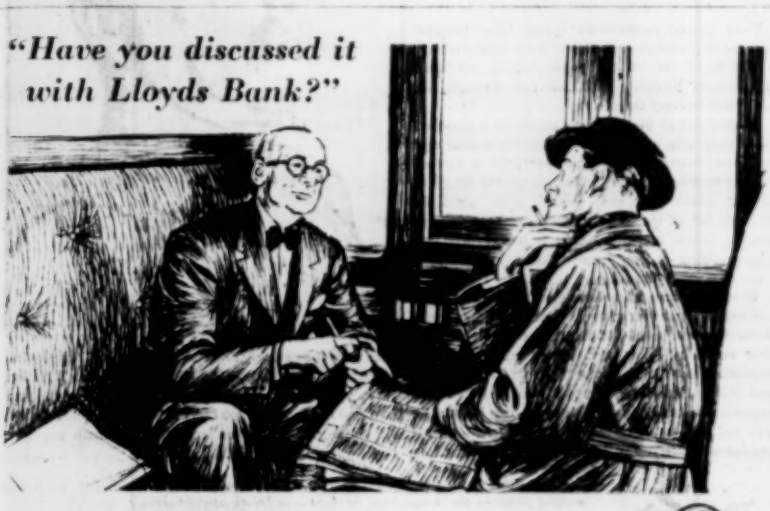
I don't wish to give more examples. The conclusion is the same in every case: I have to realise that I belong to the class which is too well off to be provided for and not rich enough to provide for themselves; and I have to resign.

London, S.W.11. J. B.

## IS U.N. STILL-BORN?

SIR,—Mr. Leonard Woolf in his review of F. P. Walters' *A History of the League of Nations* makes some remarkable statements which cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. He says, "U.N.O. . . . is only seven years old, but is already a corpse; indeed, it began as a still-born abortion." The continuation of the United Nations is far too vital a matter for millions of people all over the world fervently praying for peace to form the target of sweeping and frivolous metaphors like the one quoted above. Mr. Woolf is, of course, entitled to his opinion that seven years is a sufficiently long span of life for an organisation of the complexity of U.N. and its many agencies to prove its worth in an even more complex world situation of growing strains and stresses. But one would at least have expected him to adduce some evidence for his astonishing contention that U.N. "began as a still-born abortion." One may have greater or less confidence in the effectiveness of the machinery set up at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco. One may even blame U.N. for certain signal failures in the political field. But one may not, without offering a viable alternative, dismiss U.N. in the contemptuous terms Mr. Woolf has chosen to apply to it.

I wonder if two million Indians vaccinated against T.B. by U.N.I.C.E.F. would agree with Mr. Woolf? Or the inhabitants of the Terai, Northern Thailand and parts of Afghanistan delivered from the scourge of malaria by W.H.O.? Or those Sinhalese, Indonesians, Afghans, Liberians, Indians, Mexicans, Guatemalans and others whom U.N.E.S.C.O. taught to read and write as a key to the better life? Considerations of your precious space forbid a prolongation of this list, which would easily fill many columns of your journal.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I would only add that of all moods in which to approach the question of success or failure of U.N. contempt is surely the least likely to induce the spirit of sacrifice for the cause of peace, a spirit the absence of which your reviewer appears to deplore.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

United Nations Association,
25 Charles Street, W.1.

## ARTS COUNCIL

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Russell has apparently no explanation or apology to offer for the numerous misrepresentations in his article. One of them, indeed, he now denies having made. On this point he wrote, "the theatrical companies sent out under the ægis of the Council have been disbanded." That is what he asserted and that is what I again must flatly contradict. These theatrical companies are organised to visit the theatreless towns in several parts of the country and they continue to do so. Instead of taking my word for this incontrovertible fact, Mr. Russell deviates to cite an article I wrote for one of the Quarterlies airing my personal opinion that these tours, so costly to mount, are not the best answer to the problem. My opinion on this matter does not happen to be current Arts Council policy, and it was because Mr. Russell misrepresented my Council's policy that I was obliged to correct him in so many particulars.

It is not for me to say how "vigorously and intrepidly" the Arts Council is battling to sustain the arts, but it cannot have been as negligent as Mr. Russell supposes, if it has succeeded in securing the same annual grant from the Treasury as for last year. Mr. Russell exhorts me personally, in a comradely, militant metaphor, to "lead the attack" on the Treasury and promises that "we"—whoever "we" are—"shall be solidly behind him." Behind me all right, by the look of things, and taking pot shots at me from the cover of any convenient hedge!

W. E. WILLIAMS, *Secretary-General*

The Arts Council of Great Britain,
4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

## THE WEST RIDING

SIR,—I thought it was Mr. E. W. Hildick's letter on this subject which appeared patronising and muddled, rather than the agreeable piece by Mr. John Braine which he criticised. Regional writers (including Hardy, Arnold Bennett, etc.) use "scrambled" place-names so as to be free to create typical rather than report actual places, while retaining the local flavour. It would give substance—or perhaps it wouldn't?—to Mr. Hildick's airy jest about my novels if he would tell me truthfully how many and which of these he has actually read.

8 Heath Villas, PHYLLIS BENTLEY
Halifax, Yorkshire.

## ASTHMATIC CHILDREN

SIR,—We should like to thank all those readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who so generously responded to a letter published in your columns last August appealing for subscriptions to send out a party of asthmatic children to the French Spa of La Bourboule. During the last three years our organisation has been arranging for small parties of asthmatic children to undergo this treatment and a large proportion of these children have been given immediate and lasting relief.

At a meeting held in the Society's offices on April 1 this year, parents and children were brought together to discuss results and to plan further action. Out of 19 cases under review, 18 were so greatly improved as to merit the adjective "miraculous." Children who had suffered from infancy and who, as a result of the disease, had spent many weeks each year away from school, had scarcely missed a day since their return to this country last October.

May we once again ask all who can appreciate how much relief of asthma means to both children and parents to send us a donation so that we shall not have to refuse any child on our waiting-list? £50 is required for each child but the French doctors have generously offered to give their services free for 20 cases nominated by us, thus reducing the cost to £30. Please send your donation to: The Hon. Treasurer, International Help for Children, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

JOHN BARCLAY
*Organising Secretary*

## BACH'S PASSIONS

SIR,—Your correspondent, W. S. M., appears to have been much pained by some references to a London performance of the St. Matthew Passion in German, including no doubt my own in the *Observer* of March 23. As there seems to be general agreement about its excellence from the musical and scholarly points of view, I regret to have missed it; and I doubt that, had I been present, I should have talked of "affectation" (not "snobbery," which is W. S. M.'s word). Yet I think that precisely such terms would be used in Germany if anyone there were to give Handel's *Messiah* in English, though a better plea could be made for this, since that work is from first to last set to words from the English Bible, the German equivalent of which cannot possibly fit the music throughout.

In the St. Matthew Passion we cannot change the English biblical words to suit the music without an effect of misquotation. But Bach's use of words from Luther's Bible is confined in the main to recitative, where it is quite legitimate to alter note-values to fit another language; for recitative is a matter of declamation, not of settled and familiar tunes. For the rest, much of Bach's text is not biblical, and if the current English versions of the words for the chorales and the arias (Picander's) are unsatisfactory, we must try again.

Bach's Passions are for Christianity at large and belong as much to London as to Leipzig, by right of cultivation, which, by the way, even in Germany does not date back unbrokenly to Bach, but only to Mendelssohn. But W. S. M., driven to defiant exasperation and exaggeration, now clamours for the *Hohe Messe*, presumably in H moll, with the Latin turned into German and given at Sankt Bartholomäus der Grosse im Schmiedfeld. So perhaps we have all been sufficiently absurd about all this by now, and I will promise to be serious about the next *Matthäuspassion* and go to it, if I possibly can, taking the tube from the Marmorbogen or from Knechtsbrücke, if that will placate your indignant correspondent.

ERIC BLOM

## CHEKHOV AND MRS. GARNETT

SIR,—The matter is not so simple as Mr. Booth suggests. A literal translation of Treplyev's reply, as given by Chekhov, is "Why have you yielded to vice and sought for love in an abyss of crime?" This gives us, early in the first Act, the clue to the main external dramatic conflict of the play. Mrs. Garnett shies from it because it is not Shakespeare but she shies also from Hamlet's more forcible words and gives us something which is not only irrelevant to Treplyev's mood but falsely suggests that he is going to castigate his mother in his playlet which is about to be performed.

Mr. Booth speaks of "faithful translation," but there are so many (often incompatible) things to which a translator would like to be faithful, and his choice here, surely, is only between Hamlet's actual reply and a rendering in his best Shakespearean blank verse of the reply as Chekhov wrote it.

Hoylake. J. P. DAVIS

## *I THOUGHT OF DAISY*

SIR,—I am puzzled by some of the things that Mr. George D. Painter says about my novel *I Thought of Daisy* in his review in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of March 22. What is the bad grammar of which he complains on page 35? I can find no "anacoluthon" in any of the sentences. And what does he mean by saying that the character of Hugo Bamman is obviously based on the subject of the last essay in *Classics and Commercials*? The subject of that essay is Paul Rosenfeld, who did not remotely resemble this character, and there is no other essay in the book about anybody who resembles him.

I may also point out, in connection with Mr. Painter's review of *The Pencil of God* in an earlier issue, that his improvised limerick is flawed by a mispronunciation of Haiti, which is not called Highty in either English or French.

EDMUND WILSON

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# Books in General

In July, 1699, the Lord Chamberlain issued a warrant to the Surveyor of the King's Works, giving leave for John Vanbrugh, Esq., to build himself a house on part of the ruins of Whitehall Palace. The Surveyor, Sir Christopher Wren, raised an eyebrow and responded with caution. He petitioned the Treasury for confirmation and details. He had been ordered to allow no building on the site; was this warrant a sufficient countermand and was it really intended that Mr. Vanbrugh should help himself to unlimited quantities of the rubble among the ruins? Yes, that was the intention, issuing directly from the Throne.

To us, this is baffling. Who was this prompt Phœnix among the Whitehall ashes, scarcely cold after last year's fire? He was, of course, the soldier-playwright who had just undertaken to build an enormous house for Lord Carlisle in Yorkshire. The services to the Crown which earned him the privilege of a Whitehall plot must have been substantial. What were they? Secret missions to France? Possibly. Wren must surely have known. And he must have known, too, why Vanbrugh wished to plant himself almost next door to His Majesty's Office of Works. Or, if he did not know, he soon learnt; because within two years the architect of Castle Howard was sitting beside him on the Board, in the office of Comptroller. Two years more and he, not Wren, was planning Blenheim.

This sudden irruption of the playwright into the sphere of Court architecture is reflected in terms of architectural style. At Castle Howard we may note two things. First, Vanbrugh's passion for narrow round-headed windows locked into a rusticated wall. This links up with his Whitehall house and a lapidary style acquired, perhaps, by scrutiny of the military architecture of France. Second—and more perplexing: the plan of Castle Howard is deeply indebted to a conception of Wren's for Greenwich. Not the design we know but an early one with a dome and portico on the main axis and curved colonnaded wings—a design which weaves Palladio's Villa Trissino in with Levau's Collège Mazarin and a good deal else. Clearly, Vanbrugh had moved in the circle of the Works officers before ever he built himself into their *quartier*. One of these officers, Hawksmore, partnered him at Castle Howard and again at Castle Howard's great derivative, Blenheim. To Wren himself, Vanbrugh can hardly have been a stranger.

Blenheim, despite its architect's abrupt initiation, comes into architectural history less like a rabbit out of a hat than as the heir of an established dynasty. Certainly, it was Vanbrugh's child. But Wren is in its pedigree and Hawksmore was a very near relation indeed. How near, it is extraordinarily hard to tell; and Mr. David Green, in his impressive new book on Blenheim,* only makes the question more tantalising when he quotes, side by side, the two following statements. This is from Vanbrugh to Harley, 1710:

> I cannot help looking on the Building with ye tenderness of a sort of Child of my Owne.

* *Blenheim Palace.* By David Green. *Country Life.* 6 gns.

And this, from Hawksmore to the Duchess of Marlborough, 1722:

> The concerne . . . that I have for that building, like a loving Nurse that almost thinks the Child her own . . .

The mother and the nurse. It may be that this—a mere phraseological accident, to be sure—balances the situation. Hawksmore was almost certainly Vanbrugh's superior as a technician. His own works show that he could do anything Vanbrugh could do *except* set going that amazing "movement" of parts in a great composition which is the perpetual wonder of Blenheim and of nearly everything Vanbrugh touched. It was this which made Sir Joshua Reynolds and Robert Adam and, a little later, Sir John Soane, place Vanbrugh among the very greatest. Soane called him "the Shakespeare of architects," a phrase which in this case is something more interesting than mere eulogy. One may ransack sources and unravel influences and still find no pattern of which Vanbrugh seems the inescapable consequence. Like Shakespeare, he is a prodigy. But also, it may not be pure accident (I feel sure it is not) that the only English buildings which intimately share the Vanbrugh sense of "movement" are the great houses of Shakespeare's day—the loose, whimsical, almost accidentally poetic houses of the later Elizabethan surveyors.

The "movement" of Blenheim—the phrase is Robert Adam's and it is admirable. But what really is this "movement"? Not a mere arabesque, playing over a rigid plan and conventional elevations. There is too much momentum for that, too much sense of conflict. Blenheim was composed in opposition to something. Perhaps to the classicism of Wren. Or perhaps, on the contrary, it is the classicism of Wren which in Vanbrugh's mind is struggling to subdue something else—a wild, "Elizabethan" sense of architectural comedy, incapable of coherent expression. Either way, the mode of subjugation is the same and, either way, it is complete. There is a sort of chaos in Blenheim but there are no loose ends. Look at the giant drama of the entrance court, the whole composed in a series of brief, potent assaults, each driving exactly to its objective and then halting, sharp. Every component is brief—the stretches of colonnade, the visible lengths of main façade, the emergent angles of the towers. And as if this brevity might be construed as weakness, each stop is double-stopped. Sentinel columns stand forward in pairs every time the colonnade of the courtyard halts. It is not enough for the portico to march out from the main pilastered front—the front itself must first step back. Even then, the portico doubles its outer columns and squares them both into piers—monstrous over-emphasis indeed, but that the piers have another duty and must slide upwards through the entablature to prop the twin beginnings of a second pediment—those separated fragments which are the last things one remembers of Blenheim and which leave a hint of doom, like the crag of an antique ruin.

All this one reads as Vanbrugh, and no doubt correctly. Hawksmore's share will have been subordinate, chiefly perhaps a matter of defining and correlating everything at the drawing-board and developing the details. This seems to have been what he did at Castle Howard, with a considerable margin of personal invention and decision. By modern standards of artistic responsibility this means that Hawksmore's contribution was very great, extending, in fact, to matters of scale and texture, exactness of counterpoint, which are integral to the whole effect. He may be forgiven for fancying Blenheim his own nursling. And one cannot exclude the hypothesis that wherever some strain of Wren is traceable it is there because of Hawksmore.

But at a certain point, the architectural problems become impenetrable and for all Mr. Green's researches in the archives of Blenheim and in the thirty volumes of Blenheim papers in the British Museum, he is able to lead us no closer than we were to the mysteries of the building's creation. What he does give us is a tale which has, in part, been told before, though never, perhaps, with so much careful study and never, certainly, with such a massive apparatus of notes and appendices. He tells it well but with an excessive anxiety to tease the reader into attending to what he has to say. This may be less Mr. Green's fault than his misfortune in following two extremely polished writers—Mr. Bonamy Dobrée in 1925 and Mr. Lawrence Whistler in 1938—both of whom approached the Blenheim story as essayists rather than historians and made it in the highest degree "readable." It may be a pity to tell a story less entertainingly than has been done but somehow, after Mr. Dobrée and Mr. Whistler, one would have preferred something infinitely severe.

Mr. Green, however, gives us a great deal of the stuff of history; he has found out much that was unknown, including new letters by or about Vanbrugh, he has clarified some obscurities and rescued at least one important drawing from base uses.

He even gives us a most interesting excursus on the Duchess's other building adventure, Marlborough House, where, in flight from Vanbrugh, she employed the aged Wren as her architect. "The poor old man," she says (as one might speak of a superannuated gardener) "undertook the business readily." But Wren, she found, was imposed upon so he had to go. She finished the house herself. Mr. Green is able to quote Wren's final letter, still at Blenheim. Unlike Vanbrugh, he was neither hurt nor vindictive about his dismissal. But what, after all, was Marlborough House to him, except perhaps a valuable exercise for his architect son? To Vanbrugh, Blenheim was his St. Paul's and his expulsion was an affront which only a person of abnormal vanity could have administered. It is almost incredible that he was never permitted to see his masterpiece complete. Mr. Green reveals how in 1725, the year before his death, he was turned away by the porter; and there is a detestable letter from a servant reporting his movements to the Duchess. He had to sneak round into the rectory garden from where, according to Mr. Green, he could see practically nothing.

The book brings the story of Blenheim up to the present day, which means that something like one-third of it covers the years this side of Vanbrugh's lifetime and breaks, as they say, new ground. There is a chapter, for instance,

on the Column of Victory, conceived by Hawksmore on the Trojan model but executed under the eye of the Earl of Pembroke. Then there is the Capability Brown episode, when the fourth Duke brought Blenheim up to date by demolishing the most extravagant parterre in England (Mr. Green well describes its magnificence) and—less regrettably—giving Vanbrugh's cyclopean bridge more credible point than the crossing of an exiguous canal. Finally, there is the creation of a more modest formal layout by the ninth Duke and his architect, Duchêne, completed as lately as 1929. Since then, Blenheim has suffered the mild indignities which modern war inflicts on safe areas—schoolboys, Ministries, goal-posts, huts. To-day it is almost a museum piece—but not quite; and Mr. Green, on his last page, insists that since it continues its designated function of sheltering the Marlborough posterity it is "a living entity." A proper sentiment. But the crude fact is that the gamut of values within which Blenheim was conceived has been up-ended. To-day, public opinion is rather more concerned that the Dukes should preserve Blenheim than that Blenheim should preserve the Dukes. Illogical, inhumane; but there it is. For us, the stones of the house are more exciting than the living family tree; even though, issuing from the greatest general of one epoch, it bore, at Blenheim, in 1874, the most celebrated figure of our own.

Mr. Green's book is a very fine thing. It costs six guineas, however, and for that sum it is disappointing not to have more of *Country Life*'s unsurpassable collection of strictly architectural photographs. Here, as in the style of writing, there seems to be a certain obeisance to a probably non-existent type of reader who needs coaxing to the subject. This diminishes, though not seriously, one's appreciation of a devoted and workmanlike treatment of a grand theme.

JOHN SUMMERSON

## RECLINING FIGURE BY HENRY MOORE

She is reclining. Her feet strike into the moving sand
Like roots in a declining shore: she is the unweighed anchor
With arms half buried in the disappearing land,
Our time's disintegrating coast, that playground
Of dubious pleasure, certain pain. Her monumental languor
In the sun of a descending world means more than our
Protests and submissions, or even the sea's indifference, whose force
Most often seems half-spent. And yet it always drowns our prayers.

Around us, everything reclines, dissolves, compelled into the death
Of form, in furnaces of air, in the unanchorable deserts of the sea:
The fallen tree, the stone, the cavernous landscape of our birth,
The thunderings of darkness on the everest of earth.
She, too, reclines, in the profounder pity of acceptance, in a free
Transfiguration that shows us what our death must be.
We, too, must gaze upon the present like a rock. Her lifted head
Assures us: though all die, nothing is ever dead.

JAMES KIRKUP

## TIME-TRAVELLING

**The Next Million Years.** By CHARLES GALTON DARWIN. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Time-Travelling, now such a widely followed British sport, was first popularised by H. G. Wells, when he produced *The Time Machine*. There had been prophets before him; notably Bacon, who originated the "scientific" forecast in England. These, however, were all like archers, standing at the butts, though shooting far over the conventional marks. It was not till the facts of geology, and later of biology, began to make up part of the equipment of the average every-day man, that authors came forward, willing to lead personally conducted tours into the far future, and readers appeared, willing to accompany them.

Sir Charles Darwin has set himself the ambitious task of producing a very Baedeker for his tour, short but intense, from here to the Year Million. His Time-Machine is simple; it is the ordinary process of reproduction, by which we got here over the last million years. According to the time-scale of the rocks, his projected journey is trivial. It is negligible compared with the distance to our coal-scuttles, or, still more, to our ash-buckets, which cover a span three hundred times as great, and, as any waste-heap will show, are perfectly ready to harbour the process of life all over again. It is a very short time indeed, even compared with the history of a good many living things; the flies, for instance, were buzzing about very much as they do now, fifty million years ago. But it is a good long stretch as far as humanity is concerned; perhaps 50 per cent. as long again as man's whole previous history; and Sir Charles is covering it in detail.

By this time, says Sir Charles, we know enough about the business to sketch in its main features; the limits within which the journey must inevitably be performed are broadly known. He is not here referring mainly to the physical conditions; these—weather and so on—may be expected to remain constant for very much longer than a million years. Earth's climate, taken as a whole, has remained fairly constant for a thousand million years, and may be expected to go on much the same for another thousand million. Changes, which appear catastrophic locally, such as the Ice Ages, involve no more than a slight shift of the population from the Poles towards the tropics. The skies will look down unmoved.

What Sir Charles comes down upon as constant, during the next million years, is something much more important to us than the rocks. It is man himself. And his conclusion from this constant is not merely unexpected. It is startling. It is—that this is the Golden Age. Men are not going to become, for example, more humane. They are going to become, if not more cruel, certainly more ruthless. Units of government, in view of the fact that the era of cheap power is drawing rapidly to a close, are not going to get larger. They are quite probably going to get smaller. Food will not become more plentiful. It will become scarcer—rapidly so, if we do not diminish our multiplying commitments upon it. Finally, we may become considerably stupider.

Is there then no message of hope? There is; a most profound and significant one. "Man is, and will always continue to be," says our author, "essentially a wild and not a tame animal." "Man," he maintains, "is untameable." To change his nature in this respect would need not merely a new species, not merely a new genus. It would have to be a fundamental change into a new phylum, "and that," says Sir Charles, "would not take a mere million years, but many hundreds of millions of years." It will be seen that this is the sort of book from which a whole chapter of thinking begins; and, incidentally, if anybody can be got to take it seriously, Twentieth-Century Darwin will be attacked in terms which will make the attacks on Nineteenth-Century Darwin look like the beginnings of love-talk.

Sir Charles starts with the Four Revolutions of mankind, the use of fire, the invention of agriculture, of city life, and the Scientific Revolution, the one in which we now are, that of discoveries about the fundamental nature of the world. The one immediately to come will, he thinks, be quite as great in its influence as any of the others. That is, the exhaustion of our capital resources: coal and oil. It is due quite soon; in less than a thousand years, at the present rate. He does not rate the chances of atomic power very highly. The whole world content of uranium would, theoretically, give an energy equal roughly to the energy of the world's coal. Set against the figure of a million years, it scarcely prolongs the agony. As for plants, or water-power, or tapping the internal heat of the planet, these would only bring in a fraction of our present use of energy, and would, of course, leave no room for expansion. On any hypothesis, a far greater fraction of the population will have to be employed in collecting energy, as income, than is now employed in looting it out of mines, as capital.

All this, however, is of small significance compared to the question of population pressure on food supplies. Suppose, says Sir Charles, that the total food production of our planet might even be raised a million times what it is now. The world population will, on a cautious estimate, double its numbers in a century. In three and a half centuries it would reach ten times its present number. (Here we are back at the old formula of a penny a nail, doubled for each in the horse's hoofs.) It would multiply a thousand times in ten centuries; and a million-fold in two thousand years. If this rate of increase is thought too high, cut it down as you like. Say that the world population would double in a thousand years instead of a hundred. The only alteration would be that it would take twenty thousand years, instead of two thousand, for the population to multiply itself a million-fold.

Why, then, has this figure of a million years been chosen? Is it simply to club us into insensibility by the brute force of figures? Not at all. This is where the vital point of the book appears. It has been chosen because, roughly, it takes a million years to make a new species—insects, rats, buffaloes, or men. Therefore, for the next million years we have to put up with man as we find him—a sobering reflection.

Social inheritance is given in this book less weight than it usually carries. The reason for this is the neo-Calvinism, or indeed, the supra-Calvinism of the biologist. Sir Charles will have none of Lysenko and the Russians. He restates bluntly the terrible creed that no change acquired by an animal during its life is ever passed on to its offspring. The authority for this he gives as "the agreement of all authoritative opinion." The new generation, it is held, derives its genes from those of its parents, and these parental genes were laid down before each parent was born, and will not in any way have been affected by his or her later experiences. The doctrine of the Elect has never been stated in clearer or more uncompromising terms. It is very odd that the Churches, into whose province all this falls, should have shown so bland an indifference to this mighty controversy. It is odder still that Sir Charles should break off to upbraid the fourth and fifth centuries for devoting themselves to "subtle questions incomprehensible to us now, connected with the nature of the Trinity." Let me assure him that, compared with the questions which we are here discussing, the problems of *homoousion* and *homoiousion* could be appreciated by a child of ten.

But, assuming the truth of modern biology—and on this Western science is uncompromising and unanimous—one can see that social inheritance falls into a position of secondary importance. At the end of the day, social inheritance can be crumpled like a ball of paper. The genes do not crumple. They emerge unscratched. Hence the fact of man a wild animal and not a tame. No man is wise enough to be another man's master; nor sufficiently far-sighted to select a dynasty, however he may try, which can succeed to such a responsibility. "The perfectibility of mankind—the aim of so many noble spirits—is foredoomed."

It is a harsh, austere, astringent, doctrine. But it is Freedom incarnate.

WALTER ELLIOT

## OLD TRICKS AND YOUNG DOGS

**Collected Poems.** By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY. *Constable.* 30*s.*

**Collected Earlier Poems.** By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. *New Directions.* $5.

**Into Hades.** By ANDREW YOUNG. *Hart-Davis.* 5*s.*

**Oxford Poetry, 1951.** Edited by J. B. DONNE. *Blackwell.* 4*s.*

There is a crude but real test for the lastingness of poetry: whatever they say, and whatever one thinks about it, do the lines stick in one's head? Gogarty again and again passes this test triumphantly:

> Tall unpopular men,
> Slim proud women who move
> As women walked in the islands when
> Temples were built to Love,
> I sing to you . . .

The hard rhetorical poise is like that of Yeats: though with no equivalent doubts, pressures, or complexities underneath it. Pathos escapes Gogarty, on the whole. Compare O'Connor's version of "The Old Woman of Beare,"

> I, the old woman of Beare,
> Once a shining shift would wear,
> Now and since my beauty's fall
> I have scarce a shift at all,

with Gogarty's somehow misplaced masculine robustness:

> Age is causing all my woes:
> I who had new underclothes
> As I queened it every day,
> Now have no one's castaway.

But, if very much is sacrificed by Gogarty to the hard outward edge of his verse, still that edge rings true. He has the right to speak of his Muse, as he does, as a "marble Venus" and even to mock, perhaps, at some kinds of experimentalism. His Venus, he says,

> fell and broke to many pieces:
> Discovered later by a Professor,
> He cried, "New forms, new forms!" And wrote
> a thesis.

The Professor might have written his thesis on William Carlos Williams, whose "new forms," at their most charmingly impudent, suggest democratically that you might as well write this poem yourself. The audience is not the proud and tall, but the sensitive and average:

> THIS IS JUST TO SAY
> I have eaten
> the plums
> that were in
> the icebox
>
> and which
> you were probably
> saving
> for breakfast
>
> Forgive me
> they were delicious
> so sweet
> and so cold

Yet Williams has his own rhetoric. Consider the obvious and effective irony of this passage about the Sacco and Vanzetti case. One of the points against these two was that they were scared of policemen:

> For you know that every
> American is innocent and at peace in his
> own heart. He hasn't a damned thing to be
> afraid of. He knows the government is for
> him. Why, when a cop steps up and grabs
> you late at night, you just laugh and think it's
> a hell of a good joke—

My stresses indicate these three rhetorical thuds to a line which Professor Dobrée also finds overlying the five conventional metrical stresses of Elizabethan blank verse:

> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

Perhaps it is a formal criticism that there is nothing so definite for them here to overlie, but Elizabethan blank verse also stretches and contracts a lot, and the important point is that Williams, like a dramatist, seeks to convey the impression of thinking while he speaks; not of speaking what he has thought out in advance. The memory test does not pass him: what stick are images, not words. But between the extremes which I have illustrated of notation and vehemence, he does throw a fresh and innocent light on most aspects of the American scene. Almost unknown here, he is the poet whom I would recommend a visitor to America to study.

Mr. Young is known for beautiful short and objective poems about landscape. *Into Hades*, a long dream or vision poem in rather flat blank verse, is a new and not wholly successful departure. It is an account of experience immediately after death, and reads quite convincingly, like a painstakingly detailed description of hallucination, but fails to find, or at least to convey, a universal meaning in its story. I was left feeling rather blank by it, as by a detective story with too many clues, and the last chapter missing. The writing is sensitive and adequate, but there are no strikingly memorable lines or passages.

*Oxford Poetry, 1951*, to which one turned hopefully for what the critics call "growing-points," was similarly respectable and disappointing. The young dogs are certainly quick to learn old tricks, but seem lacking in new notions. Mr. Alvarez has some fairly competent pseudo-Empson:

> Aphrodite's method is surprise;
> So poor Leda is a universal lover
> Breeding from nature a whole race of stars.

That has the Master's tone of voice, but the stars had to be first eggs and then heroes. Leda bred them from herself, not nature, or if she is identified with nature the grammar is odd; or if nature is identified with Zeus or the Swan, Mr. Alvarez should remember that female deities are nature, male deities are mind. The poem I liked best in the book was a comic one, by Mr. Michell Raper:

> Less than Romeo was my room-mate Chetwyn;
> he took large doses in a small cup.
> Hygiene, one might say, came between us, for
> somehow we never seemed to buddy up.
>
> He would inhale orgies of creosote
> as you or I smoke cigarettes, or chew
> spearmint. Small wonder that the maidens
> of the Faculty accorded him no *succès fou*. . . .

But the wit, there, is American, and the more specifically English inspiration, alas, one finds in soulful pieces about Lancelot, and dawn, and wispy kisses, and mystic migratory birds. Still, it is nice to know that the young are carrying on.

G. S. FRASER


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## TWO CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES

**Christianity in European History.** By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Christianity Past and Present.** By BASIL WILLEY. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Christianity excels all other religions in the variety of its apologetics. Every nuance of assent, every note in the theological scale, has been sounded during the last three centuries. The argument from Scripture or Revelation, the appeal to Nature or quantum physics, the Record of the Rocks or the testimony of the human heart—they have all been drawn on at different periods and for different reasons. The diversity of approach is at once gratifying and baffling. It is hard to feel that Bossuet beating the eagle wings of his rhetoric over the fall of empires, Kierkegaard dragging the isolated soul into the presence of its Creator, the English eighteenth-century divines defecating their beliefs "to a pure transparency" the better to confute Deists and Socinians, are all somehow witnessing to the same kind of universe.

The present-day Christian apologist, especially if he happens to be a historian, has inherited a formidable position. The mystics have preserved the citadel, new assessments of religious experience have won back the redoubts. Screwtape has expelled the Gaseous Invertebrate and M. Maritain and the rest continue to toss fireballs effectively among the siege machines. Two world wars, the "failure of the liberal idea" and the pleased but shame-faced realisation that religion is still capable of yielding political dividends, have completed the process. *Écrasez L'Infâme* has seldom sounded fainter.

At first sight these two Cambridge professors, each eminent in his own sphere, seem only to be dotting the "i"s and crossing the "t"s of their subject. Professor Willey, in particular, is, we feel, merely doing an academic job of tidying up. His book is a stimulating examination along conventional lines of the way in which the Christian idea has developed through the centuries. His chapter headings—"The Age of Faith," "Christianity and Humanism," "Honest Doubt," speak for themselves. Professor Butterfield's book is only indirectly apologist. The first two of his three lectures are merely expository. In a frank, conciliatory manner, he traces the course of New Testament Christianity in the ancient world, from its emergence out of the catacombs to its partial burial (along with the Vestal emblems of Rome) beneath Constantine's porphyry pillar. His second lecture is largely a brilliant gloss on Acton's *History of Freedom in Christianity*. Aquinas was the first Whig, "modern political liberty may be said to emerge from the politico-ecclesiastical contests of the Middle Ages"—such old-but-true paradoxes occasionally need restating. But Professor Butterfield goes further. He thinks we owe everything that is best in our secular ideals to Christianity, since "much of the whole enterprise of the Age of Reason was to all intents and purposes the creation of a secularised Christianity or a secularised Christian outlook." Democracy, liberty, individualism,

> represent social implications that were drawn out of Christianity for a very advanced state of society . . . humanitarianism for example, is an anæmic substitute for the doctrine of New Testament Love.

Even the "good clean worldly mindedness" of men like Chadwick and the Potters, Bentham and the Mills, was suffused with a subconscious Christian benevolence. Conversely,

> a Christian civilisation by its very nature has to develop towards what its most faithful servants feel to be its own undoing. Once civilisation has so far advanced, freedom of conscience becomes the first requisite for a Christian order of things, even if the result is a kind of world in which it is harder to be a Christian and even if religion loses its monopoly.

In his final lecture, "History, Ethics and Religion," Professor Butterfield goes to the heart of the matter. He sees Christianity as the salt of contemporary civilisation, but to the secular doubting Thomas who asks what happens if the salt lose its savour, he retorts neatly but complacently that whenever in history Christians have "done their worst . . . it always turns out sooner or later that they were hamstrung by one of their own theological dogmas." This is taking the long view with a vengeance. Acton required that historical events should be judged according as they promoted or failed to promote "the delicacy, integrity and authority of Conscience." Professor Butterfield would probably regard this dictum as an example of what he calls the "crude, moralistic approach." (It is a phrase that recalls Mr. Kennan on the vagaries of American diplomacy and indeed, in the practical bearing of their ideas, I imagine that these two writers have much in common.) In place of Acton's criterion, Professor Butterfield puts forward the more sophisticated formula of charity. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, in fact. In a fallen world, the saint and the research scholar are somehow complementary. To face present disasters, the Christian must make his will as perfect as possible; to understand those which have occurred—the Treaty of Versailles, or the Sicilian Vespers—he must rigidly examine the right authorities. Why such a blameless standpoint should, when accepted as a practical basis for conduct by men of affairs, almost invariably be used as a justification for power politics, it is hard to say. Yet such is the case. The heart has its reasons, even among diplomats, and it may be that the very suppleness of a world picture in which the Sermon on the Mount and the napalm bomb can co-exist without the injunctions of the one being any obstacle to a belief in the necessity for using the other, has an immense attraction for a certain kind of sophisticated power-worshipper. But one cannot saddle an author with the opinions of those who will even now be eagerly hurrying to misread him.

"The Chinese Empire," Lord Salisbury remarked, "is no more Buddhist than it is Chartist." Because of its historical position as the faith of the West, Christianity has been exposed to greater temptations than other religions. In his role of apologist for Christianity's record in history, Professor Butterfield must needs wear the Janus face of the family solicitor. He is both courteously but firmly intent on collecting the family debts and at the same time, in the privacy of a domestic conclave called to consider sundry skeletons in the cupboard, exercising the privilege of a candid friend.

JOHN RAYMOND

## NEW NOVELS

**The House by the Canal.** By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Brotherhood of Fear.** By ROBERT ARDREY. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Rise of Simon Lachaume.** By MAURICE DRUON. *Staples.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**A Play Toward.** By ELIZABETH COXHEAD. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"I'd have liked to talk to you about Simenon as well," wrote Gide, a few months before his death, in a letter quoted in Mr. Guerard's interesting recent study of the old man; "in my opinion he is our greatest living novelist, real novelist, that is. But time and strength fail me." Well! Perhaps this *boutade* was intended partly as an insult for Mauriac; and by "real novelist" Gide probably meant one whose faculty for creating characters and spinning plots is natural and inexhaustible, whose tree is always flowering and fruiting, and his sack full of cats—rather than one producing with serene toil, like himself, or with smouldering violence, like Sartre. Nor, ill-acquainted as I am with Simenon's work (for I have devoured only sixty-eight from his total production of well over two hundred novels) can I speak of it without becoming diffidence. But Gide's opinion may well confirm and crystallise for some Simenon-lovers a surmise they hardly dared to make.

Simenon is a natural: he has written an average of nearly eight novels a year during the last twenty years, and he is now at the height of his powers. He relies on autobiography less than any French novelist since Balzac, which is perhaps why his quantity is comparable with Balzac's. Where does he get his plots? He has only to see, one may conjecture, a man walking along a street carrying a bag, and he invents a whole novel, painting in the secret complexities of hearts and souls, and never destroying their mystery. He remembers a place, and he has the novel's vividly obsessive atmosphere; for he knows that place and weather are somehow profoundly similar to whatever human drama is going on in them. He is a master of prose-style in his own right, having short-circuited the not always advantageous innovations that symbolism and Americanism have contributed to French prose—his nearest stylistic ancestors, perhaps Maupassant, even Zola, are in the nineteenth century.

Neither of the present novels is vintage Simenon; both are about his Belgian countrymen. The first is one of a round seventeen published in 1933; an orphan girl comes to live with Belgian cousins in a melancholy flatland where it always rains or freezes, and at the end of the next field, higher than the house, the barges pass. She corrupts and destroys her relatives, for she wants power; and she contrives her own rape and murder, for she wants—what? Divine judgment? The other, *The Ostenders*, appeared in 1947. Five trawlers of Belgian fishermen and their families arrive in La Rochelle ahead of the invading Germans; when they and the locals are at last on the point of accepting one another, the Occupation moves in, and the interlopers (as Simenon, now a naturalised American, did himself) again move out. How strange, real, touching and monolithic they are! And here, too, though the subject of the novel is clearer (it is something to do with virtue and freedom, themes which excite the post-war Simenon more than sin and crime) it is nowhere explicit. Simenon absolutely never explains what general truth a novel is about—it is most improbable that he even formulates it to himself; and in consequence the implications of a Simenon novel are hallucinatorily urgent and apparently endless.

*The Brotherhood of Fear* has passages of real thought and real irony, and several excellent scenes—a storm at sea, a nightmare, and episodes in which single characters in turn watch the others from a mountain-top. However, although this time the story concerns a Secret Police-man chasing a state criminal on a small sheep-producing island off the coast of Totalitaria, it's all very like the film *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The hunted boy, the bewildered pursuer, the bearded Elder, his wild daughter, all merge into the disindividualised starlets who could, and would, act the parts in their sleep. There's the mock-simple peasant dialogue ("I say only that someone should kill him." "But why?" "Because he makes shame in me"), and the love-making (in the film they would only kiss). I don't believe that Mr. Ardrey cinematises on purpose. It's only that it's difficult for a writer who frequents picture-palaces to retain the innocent eye—the eye he was born with, to which it has never occurred that a succession of photographs projected on a screen might look very like people moving. It's difficult for a writer who knows that half a scared world will believe what he says, to say anything they don't already believe, to retain the innocent mind. Mr. Ardrey has written an exciting, readable middle-brow novel, with a thread of hokum running throughout, on a theme that is played out without ever having been played in by anyone that mattered.

So numerous are the prizes in France, that an annual Prix Chose in that happy land means even less than a Book of the Month here. But one award still cuts ice, and *The Rise of Simon Lachaume* (or *Les Grandes Familles*), though its victory failed to arouse the scandal provoked by that of *A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*, is a

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favourable specimen of the Prix Goncourt. Proust's study of a society in decay endowed its dying movements with such beauty as paradoxically to preserve it for ever, outside Time; in Maurice Druon's impermanent family chronicle we see the same society decaying indeed, kicking, rattling and deliquescing; its disease here is not the poetic vices of snobbery and the Cities of the Plain, but the realist greeds of power, money and the flesh. This is an impressive novel, with a hard, unpitying sense of historical change and survival, not unworthy of being regarded as a lesser obverse, a devil's advocate, to Proust's sociology. It is dedicated to a Princess of whom we know that she once dined with Proust at the Ritz; but on that evening she sat too far away; he despaired of talking to her, stole upstairs instead to the room of the pretty, witty Princess Soutzo, and "shut myself up, chastely, alone with her."

*A Play Toward* is about a Liberal headmaster's wife and her husband, their mixed Grammar School, the children, the teachers and their entanglements, the governors, the summer-term production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the uneatable social layer-cake of a small Midland town. Over the headmaster's wife Mrs. Miniver seems to fly at a great height—you can almost hear the beating of her wings. In other words, she is a person whose values seem halfway towards being conventions, and the authoress shares her conviction that they are pure values: satire and criticism are reserved for the other characters. Miss Coxhead has a feeling for situation and personality, and the momentary acts and words that reveal them. The troubles of her children and grown-ups are genuine, so is their final ironing-out: the reader is made to share in both.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

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**The Grandfather Clock.** By E. L. EDWARDES. *John Sherratt*. 25*s*.
**Chats on Old Clocks.** By H. ALAN LLOYD. *Benn*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

It is difficult in this highly specialised age to picture the scientific scene less than three hundred years ago when savant and craftsman collaborated, often uneasily, to wrestle with elementary principles and devices. The Royal Society was founded in 1660. The first stones of Greenwich Observatory and of St. Paul's were laid in 1675. Newton, Wren, Hooke, Flamsteed, Halley and the rest were impelled by the same insatiable curiosity. Their thought had no compartments and they had no inhibitions about experimenting. It was to such a London that Thomas Tompion came, a young man from Bedfordshire, about 1671. Before he died in 1713 watch, clock and scientific instrument making in England had been completely transformed. It had emerged from the shades and now produced time-keepers of accuracy and beauty. This was in large part due to Hooke's inventions and Tompion's superb craftsmanship. There are surprisingly few contemporary records and references to Tompion, but what exist have been collected by Mr. Symonds, after diligent research, in this sumptuous volume. The real record of Tompion's life lies in his productions and Mr. Symonds has done full justice to them in some 300 plates, a number of which are in colour. In spite of their individual high quality, intricacy and embellishment, Tompion achieved a great output of watches and clocks from his workshop by introducing what might be called mass-production methods. One of the many interesting things Mr. Symonds tells us is that the parts of his watches were interchangeable. To-day his products fetch fantastic prices in the saleroom, and this volume will be eagerly sought by collectors. For those who cannot afford the luxury of owning a Tompion timepiece Mr. Symonds has provided a delightful substitute. It is unlikely that anything of importance can be added to our knowledge of Tompion now that this book is available.

Mr. Edwardes's study of the grandfather clock is in its second edition, but it has been so enlarged and revised as to justify its treatment as a new book. It has been written for the ordinary reader who wants to know more about the subject, and contains a great deal of good advice for the amateur collector. The author explains the evolution of the familiar long-case clock and discusses its mechanical details, dials, hands and cases. He also includes a glossary of technical terms. The book is adequately illustrated with excellent photographs, and moderately priced.

Mr. Alan Lloyd is a well-known and experienced collector and he makes no claim that his small volume is more than a "chatty" book which surveys the whole history of time-keeping from its primitive beginnings down to our own day. He deals with almost every type of clock and illustrates most of them.

R. G. E. WILLISON

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Eisenhower.** By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Gunther's latest guide-book is a classic example of American journalism at its glossiest. It is the work of a craftsman of chromium-plate; its style is easy and its facts well marshalled. Nothing could be neater—or more unrealistic. For Mr. Gunther's hero is drawn less from life than from the popular stereotype: this may, indeed, be General Eisenhower, but the portrait carries no conviction. It is too tidy, too good to be true. The General, everyone agrees, seems to be a very likeable person; it seems agreed by everyone that the promotion which came so late and so rapidly was deserved; it seems, according to well-informed people, that the General is both capable and hard working. It seems, in short, that the General is just what the public relations men would have the American electorate believe he is. But, for the reader who is wondering what sort of tenant he would make in the White House, this book is really worse than useless. All it does is to say very skilfully what is already known. The difficulty—which Mr. Gunther judiciously sidesteps—lies in what is unknown. And it is so much. What are Eisenhower's social and economic views? All Mr. Gunther says is: "If he ever mentions the New Deal these days, it is with a quiver of horror." And what does the General know of the labyrinth of U.S. politics? To whom will he turn for advice on great domestic or foreign issues?

Some answers to these questions exist, in fact, buried in the General's speeches since the war, but Mr. Gunther does not seem to have searched for them. If he had, he might have drawn a portrait very different from the one presented here. It is all very well to stress Eisenhower's personal virtues. But none of them outweigh the argument he himself used in 1948, in refusing to seek nomination for the Presidency. Urging that "lifelong professional soldiers" should, save for overriding reasons, "abstain from seeking higher office," he added that "nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces. At least, this is true in my case." The argument holds: nothing that Mr. Gunther says destroys it.

**The Man in the Kitchen.** By MALCOLM LAPRADE. *Muller*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Writing primarily for the American public, Mr. LaPrade has two aims: first, he is out to counter the gastronomically deadly influence of advertisers who would have consumers believe that good living requires nothing but canned or packaged foods; and secondly, he is concerned to prove that marriage has a much better chance of success if the man does most of the work in the kitchen. In support of this (on the whole sound) contention he has assembled a collection of recipes for dishes which are calculated to give a man something of the artist's pleasure in the making, as well as honest-to-goodness satisfaction in the eating. For English readers, some are tantalis-

ing in that they demand much cream—*e.g.*, Lobster Newburg—or quantities of ham and thick steak beyond the limits of rationed purchasing power. Moreover, Mr. LaPrade's ideas are sometimes controversial: he appears to be allergic to cheese as a flavouring, but to have a distinct weakness for Worcester Sauce, which (together with the abominable addition of tomato ketchup) he even puts into an oil and vinegar salad dressing! In compensation for this, and for advice about drink which presupposes strange naïvety on his readers' part, he seasons his culinary counsel with wit. His attitude towards washing-up is highly civilised: women should be brought into the business lest they feel "out of it," but much needless work in plate scraping is obviated by the assistance in the kitchen of a reasonably large-sized dog. Children are rightly written off as a dead loss so far as man's work in the kitchen is concerned.

**The English Village.** By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.*

The excuse for this further addition to the host of books on the village is that it brings within one cover and cheaply, as a Pelican, quick sketches of many aspects of village life which have each been handled at much greater length by specialists. History, from pre-history to 1939, is dealt with in 87 pages—barrow, court baron, enclosures and all; there are also chapters on village architecture, crafts and industries, administration, religious life, and village people, with a last essay on the future of rural civilisation. Mr. Bonham-Carter's virtue is that he has consulted a great many experts, and that, even within his small space, he has contrived to include a good many lively quotations from contemporary sources and some useful sketches in the architectural section. There is also a short but interesting bibliography, which makes the book as a whole a useful introduction to a great many topics—it would do admirably as a first source for an adult class.

Needless to say, the degree of concentration has made some sections—and particularly the historical—sketchy and sometimes quite inadequate; the specialist might say inaccurate. But if the common reader is to get any view of history at all, it is necessary that books like this should be written by the conscientious layman who is not too frightened to do it. One could, indeed, have wished that Mr. Bonham-Carter had had even more conviction or courage in his last chapter to draw some of the morals more vigorously and so inspire some wish for action in face of the steady growth of vandalism—of which villagers themselves are often chiefly guilty—which is swallowing up one pleasant place after another. It is all very well to ruminate on the Manor: how about the overhead wires, the cafés and the council houses?

**Nineteenth Century Opinion.** Edited by MICHAEL GOODWIN. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This book has been compiled from the first fifty volumes of the *Nineteenth Century*, the review founded and edited by James Knowles. Earlier, Knowles had been at the head of the Metaphysical Society, and when it dissolved in 1880, the review took over its earnest spirit of inquiry and the outstanding minds associated with it, equal to intellectual foraging in "the sunless gulfs of Doubt." The periodical's task was to set out arguments on the topics of the day, and this anthology, covering the years 1887-1901, reprints an adequate selection. It begins with a number of reports on the cringing miseries of the poor and aged—the Southwark fur-pullers were typical sufferers—that must have pricked the social conscience. There are views, now curiously remote in temper, on that bitter Victorian juxtaposition, the Angel in the House and the Wild Woman; a polemic of varied opinions, determined as Knowles was to be fair-minded, on the question of Christian ethics and science, religion and morals, and the soul and future life, even to Mrs. Besant and the astral body.

The more vigorous pieces publicise aesthetics; Ouida in hot defence of medevalism against ugly Haussmannising, Ruskin slating *The Mill on the Floss* ("the characters are simply the sweepings-out of a Pentonville omnibus"), or Morris shaking his head over the disfigurement of Westminster Abbey. Democracy, anarchy, the Government, Imperialism, have each a share of extracts in this collection of radical and Liberal thought. It boasts a galaxy of names; Huxley, W. H. Mallock, Fitzjames Stephen, Wilde, Gladstone, and Kropotkin are among them, and Mr. Goodwin's excellent idea shows how Knowles held a Victorian public, and why he won himself a reputation for capable editorship.

**Who's Who in the Theatre.** Compiled and edited by JOHN PARKER. *Pitman.* £4.

Bishops drowse through *Crockford's*, diplomats linger lovingly over the *Foreign Office List*, Sir Walter Elliott sat through the long afternoons at Kellynch Hall engrossed in the Baronetage. "The Profession" pores over Mr. Parker's "biographical record of the English stage." The Dramatic List is more than the actor's breviary. It is the world's most emotional reference-book. This 2,000-page volume, with its tightly printed columns of names, dates, parts and theatres, is a skeleton *Comédie Humaine*. It tells of stars shooting and stationary, of careers nipped in the bud, of unmatured promise and late success, of the madness of art and the vagaries of the box office. Only Mrs. Worthington's Daughter is absent—or, perhaps, she is pathetically present by proxy, since Mr. Parker tells us in his preface that "the names of many persons who have made no appearance for some years have been removed from the Biographical Section and transferred to the appropriate index which precedes it." Statistics and personalities blend oddly in this volume. We are told that Mr. George Robey's recreations include "making violins" and that Mr. Edward G. Robinson speaks eight languages; that Al Jolson left £1,750,000 and Nijinsky £30. We can, if we wish, discover the seating capacity of the Old Vic or the number of nights that *Kosher Kitty Kelly*, *Loose Ankles* or *Lord and Lady Algy* ran on Broadway. Mr. Parker's devotion to his task is by now well known. In its fortieth year of publication, *Who's Who in the Theatre* is as complete and accurate as human industry can make it.

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,155

**Set by Thomas Tusher**

Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Mme Verdurin, Margot Metroland, Mrs. Jellaby, Lady Bracknell, Pamela and Mrs. Proudie have each been chosen to speak on behalf of the Week's Good Cause. Prizes are offered for an excerpt (not more than 150 words) from any one broadcast. Entries by April 22nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,152

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from the Devil's Autobiography.

**Report by Naomi Lewis**

The Prince of Darkness may have been a gentleman; but whether, in his autobiography, of the newest school (*I Was a Sensitive Child*) or of an older sort (*Diplomatic Days Recalled*, say), opinion was divided. Or rather, multiplied, in view of the number and variety of the entries. To illustrate:

"My strongest feeling in my formative years was one of 'not belonging.' My mother, Chaos, a big loose woman entirely lacking in brain, seemed hardly aware of my existence. I was simply kept below-stairs and ignored . . ." (P. M.).

"I am always happiest among my flowers. My primrose path, and the other, tastefully paved with high quality intentions, are admired by all my visitors. Horticulture became my hobby following the Eden affair related in Chapter II—it seemed so rewarding—and Adam makes an excellent gardener . . ." (D. R. Peddy).

"Naturally, there have been failures, as with Job—a clear case of God-fixation (see pages 299-315 above) . . ." (Rhoda Tuck Pook).


**THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY**

*Vol. XXIII No. 2* *April-June, 1952*

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"There are LSJ students all over the world"

Ronald Hayman's extract from *Vol. IV, Laughter in the Room Beneath*, supplied a brilliant indiscretion about the author's part in a fifteenth-century expedition to "India"; Joyce Johnson gave chapter headings (or Mal-Contents), such as: *Abraham's Over-rated Bosom. A Painted Lady Comes to the Dogs. Some Very Dear Souls, But Worth Their Price*; D. de Monte provided a title: ". . . *To Sin, Divine*"; finally, Mr. Sharpless placed the work in the Spring List of the Turnstile Press. Prizes are shared between the six printed. Other good entries, besides those quoted above, came from R. Maurice, Nancy Gunter, Christopher Gillie, Cyril Bibby, R. S. Jaffray, Pat Bullen, L. G. Udall.

It was fiendishly difficult to terrify the souls arriving in Hell throughout the Middle Ages. In life they had been given a good idea of what was in store for them, and if they were not disappointed on arrival, neither were they surprised. Some of them behaved like latter-day tourists, stepping into the brimstone lake with an air of satisfaction—"So the descriptions were truthful after all!" The attitude of newcomers began to change during the Reformation, however, and with the coming of the Age of Reason I had the honour of welcoming many unbelievers, Voltaire among them. When Voltaire came down he was not in the least disconcerted, and spent his time during documentation peering at the first Circle through the silica screen. "Plagiarists!" he cried, "we arrange these matters better on Earth!" Nor would any of our torments persuade him otherwise. He was one of my few failures. H. V. S. PAGE

Plastic surgery was not practised; and the ankle-length robes which were *de rigueur* at the time would have concealed almost any disability but this. Shall I ever forget my stumbling efforts to keep up with the other angels, or their jeering cries whenever a new consignment of souls arrived, of "Here comes young Nick," and "Let him take the hindmost . . ."?

My school life was intensely unhappy. The malformation of the greater part of my nether limbs made it expedient for me to take my meals from a special low table; but the taunt that my guests "needed a long spoon" was a cruel calumny spread by certain stiff-necked seraphim.

I would lie awake at nights brooding over it, striking a light at intervals to see the dormitory clock. It was at this time that I was given the nickname "Lucifer." ELAINE MORGAN

Looking back, I am convinced that the greatest achievement of my career was to prevail upon the Christian church to give its approval to a "just" war, which is, of course, a war in which one's own country is engaged. This was no easy task at the time. For three hundred years or so Christians had consistently refused to bear arms or to admit soldiers to their ranks. Their tenets seemed to be gaining ground, a fact that was causing me (not to mention the Roman authorities) considerable alarm and despondency. I flatter myself that the device to which I resorted was rather subtle. I suggested to the Emperor Constantine, after some successful military exploits, that he should announce his conversion to Christianity, and emphasize his position as divine vice-regent. All he then had to do was to persuade the bishops, with my assistance, to regard him as a second Joshua. LESLIE JOHNSON

Few autobiographies of public figures (and it must be remembered that many have been written with myself at the author's elbow) are complete without some reference to the romantic aspects of the subject's life. The reader will readily forgive the omission of such reminiscences in these pages, for he will understand that my dealings with the Officers or, indeed, with the Privates of that *Monstrous Regiment* have been free from the romantic impulse and have been conducted only on a professional basis, and in the normal course of my work. It is to defend this, my diabolical status, that I digress here to refer to my brief and only meeting with Lady Poltagrue—a routine visit which would not have merited remembrance, but for a *canard* started by a Mr. Belloc. It is my duty now, painful though it be and ungallant though it may appear, to disabuse both Mr. Belloc and his readers by giving an accurate account of what in fact had occurred . . . M. DANISCHEWSKY

Having disposed, I hope finally, of the *canards* that have linked my name from time to time with that of Eve, of Lady Poltagrue and of other, for all I know, perfectly innocent creatures, I turn to the more serious charge that I was cashiered from the Heavenly Host.

The facts are these. When it became clear that, owing to the inordinate ambition of a Person who shall be nameless, my position was being steadily undermined, I wrote as follows to the Supreme Commander:—

My Dear A.G.,

For reasons that will be within Your knowledge I find it increasingly difficult to carry on as C.-in-C. H.H. I therefore have no alternative but to tender my resignation and to ask to be appointed to some other Command. Yours ever,

N.

To which I received, by angelgram, the following laconic reply:

GO TO HELL! FRANK DUNNILL

*Extract from the Devil's Autobiography:* DAMN IT ALL. (*Turnstile Press*, 30s.)

. . . the aeons-old affair between Myself and the Heavenly Powers now took an unexpected turn. For the first time, both My bloc and Theirs were faced by a common enemy, a Third Force: that of Scientific Humanism. Alarmed at this development, which I could foresee meant disaster for us both, I took the unprecedented step of sending Gabriel a note, suggesting a truce talk in Limbo, in the Spring. Rather surprisingly he agreed. It was strange seeing him again; we hadn't met since the Fall. After much haggling we signed what students of eschatology know as The Long Spoon Treaty. This stipulated that we should temporarily abandon our own struggle and jointly re-arm against the new menace. I agreed to develop the atom bomb; Gabriel decided on large-scale psychological warfare. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

## CHESS: Point-to-Point Race
No. 132

The Oxford Dictionary's definition "from one point . . . to another in a direct line" may not be quite applicable to those of our competitors who, rather than take the direct line, will have to explore many a detour and by-path while garnering some of the abundance of ladder-points traditional in a holiday number. As for **A**, though—White to mate in 7—this should be found a fairly straightforward proposition, rather over-rated with 5 points; straightforward, indeed, is the *mot juste*, so far as the Black QRP is concerned, but if I said any more I might as well print the solution here and now. Another easy 5 points towards the grand total of 40 should be provided by **B**; yet, though a mere 3-mover, this might not be quite so simple but for my useful little hint that the final position is pleasing to the eye and should have some particular appeal to the aesthetic susceptibilities of a sergeant-major. As for **C**, this takes us back a few hundred years. As a matter of fact, much the same problem, slightly spoiled by the pointless addition of some ineffective pieces, has been ascribed to Damiano. However, in the present and rather more clear-cut form it is a mate in 6, with the additional stipulation that the mate is to be administered by the pawn. It is relatively easy, and my rating it as high as 6 points might seem to be inexplicable, unless it be due to the general inflationary tendency or to the advent of spring.

**A**: K. Piltz 1938

**B**: J. Möller 1917

**C**: Greco 1617

**D**: J. R. Neukomm 1951

The composer of **D** lives in Budapest, and he has certainly spiced this piece with his native *paprika*; but since this may be too vague a hint for our less experienced competitors, I might usefully suggest that White, in order to win—actually it's a mate in 12—will find his own P at QKt5 a tiresome encumbrance; he might try to cope, though, by marching his King first up the hill and then down again. If I said any more these 7 points would be too easy a proposition even for a holiday week-end. As for **E**, though—White to win, or, more precisely, mate in no more than 12 moves—most competitors should find this well worth 8 points, even if I add the little hint that when promoting a pawn it may or it may not be found expedient to pick the most precious piece. But I had better give no hint at all for **F**—White to win—if this is to be worth its generous allowance of 9 ladder points.

**E**: B. Gaerths 1942

**F**: W. Bron 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by April 21.

### REPORT ON COMPETITION
Set March 22

A: (1) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-Kt3. (2) P-B8 (Kt!) ch, etc.
(1) P queens ch is futile.

B: (1) K-B7 ch, K-R1. (2) B-R6, followed by (3) B-Kt7 ch, and by K-B6, K6, K5, Q4, B4, B3, Kt3, etc. (while the Black Kt jumps forth and back to Kt7).

C: (1) K-R8?, P queens. (2) P-Kt7, Q-B6. (3) P-K5, Q x P. (4) K-R7, Q-K2. (5) K-R8, K x P. (6) P queens ch, K-R3. (7) Q-K6 ch! etc.
(1) K-R7 would be wrong because it would deprive White of his subsequent chance to sacrifice the KP.

I took the resulting Kt-ending in **A** rather for granted and I had not really meant to burden competitors with the labour of working it all out; for having done so nevertheless with an almost staggeringly meticulous attention to detail J. R. Harman certainly deserves a prize. He shares with K. Beaumont and F. A. Rhoden. But there were correct solutions from quite a few other competitors too.
ASSIAC


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## PERSONAL

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## PERSONAL—*continued*

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I HAD hoped by now to be able to announce a move but 5 Paddington St., W.1 is still my address and WELbeck 4950 still my telephone number, and even after I have moved WEL. 6655 will still take messages for Anthony Panting, photographer.

SUNNY Spain—where your money lasts longer! 14 days, 32gns., including excursions, leaving £15 spending money. 21 days, 39gns., leaving £7 spending money. We can offer a comprehensive selection of over 500 holidays at home and abroad. Write for Free brochure, stating country to be visited. Trafalgar Travel, Grand Arcade, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel.: WHItehall 6093, 1194.

CORSICA. This year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £39 10s. all inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illus. brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. City 7163.

CHILDREN'S seaside camping holiday. July 29-August 12. Boys and girls over 11. Wonderful South Coast site. 3gns. a week. Particulars: Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

LONDON to London plus 13 days' holiday in Cannes, all in 1 week—£25 10s.; London to London plus 14 days' holiday in Paris: Camp-under-canvas (half board), £13 8s.; International Youth Centre (half board), £18 10s., Hotel (bed & blast.) £16 10s. Write for full travel brochure to The Inexpensive Youth Travel Assocn., L. de F. S. Addison Ave., London, W.11. Tel. Park 7265.

PARIS & Riviera by luxury coach. 12 days 42gns. (V form £16 10s.). H. Till Tours, 189 Great Portland St., W.1. LAN. 7564/6.

CONFERENCES and Summer Schools: Accommodation for about seventy people will be available at Winton House, near Steyning, Sussex, a beautiful Tudor Manor with all modern conveniences, situated near the northern slopes of the South Downs, immediately below Chanctonbury Ring. It is within easy reach of Brighton and Worthing. Full Board and Lodging £4 10s. per person per week (sharing). Period available, Bank Holiday Weekend, Friday, August 1, until Friday, September 12. Applications will be considered for the whole or for broken periods and should be directed in the first instance to: Hut. & Org. Dept., Room 222, Foreign Office, Norfolk House, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

PIANO Lessons by concert pianist, full Dutch teaching qualifications. VIC. 0820.

BY Air to Austria. Zell-am-See July 19-Aug. 3: £54 10s., incl. flying. Conducted tours to other delightful Austrian resorts in Aug. Villars, Switzerland, £28, by train. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2950.

SERENITY: a 7-day Relaxation/Nature cure regime restores vitality and poise. A delightful bijou guest house. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 99 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

YUGOSLAV Holidays in T.U. Homes. 16 days inclusive from £22. Holiday Friendship Service, 445, Strand, W.C.2.

YUGOSLAVIA. Enchanting holidays combining beauty-spots with cultural centres. Small parties of interested people leaving fortnightly. Write for brochure illustrating these and other lovely holidays to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel) Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £10.

OFFICES to let in Bloomsbury for 8 months. 5gns. weekly, including light, heat, telephone. Euston 2650.

WOULD family Chelsea/Ken. take girl (Secretary) as P.G.? KEN. 4795.

## PERSONAL—*continued*

TOURING the Rhineland—mountaineering and walking tours in Austria—taking University Courses in Rome or Florence—touring Norway—holidaying in Andorra, Greece or Jugoslavia, travelling Europe either alone or in a party, you go farther and do more for your £25 with the N.U.S. Write now for your copy of our Summer Programme to the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

FRANCE, Switzerland. If you wish to combine a holiday with language practice and friendship, why not exchange hospitality? Welcome foreign visitor, say, July 15, for 3-4 wks., then spend same period in his/her home abroad; or vice versa. Pupils and single young people. Send s.a.e.: Mrs. Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., London, N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

SPRING Holidays: Spring flowers and sunshine will await you on our Swiss mountain holiday on May 10 or Lake Garda party, May 23. Details of Spring and Summer holidays in Britain and the Continent from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

YUGOSLAVIA in 1952. Party holidays and independent tours. Programme from Ramblers' Association Services, 48A Park Road, N.W.1.

CÔTE d'Azur, Cap Mimosa (nr. St. Tropez), magnificently situated on the blue waters' edge. A glorious holiday at the leading Riviera camp. English management. 14 days' incl. travel £29. Free brochure write agents Pier Brunetti, 203 Regent St., London, W.1.

YUGOSLAVIA. £25 allowance gives you still a wonderful holiday (with money to spend) on famous Dalmatian Coast. Favourable rate of exchange. Consult your Travel Agent or Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London, W.1.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

FINE Hand-Printing: Books of Memories, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns., London, W.8.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

JITENDRA Arya, character portrait photographer. Tel. appointment: SPE. 9214.

WRITER teaches English, lit. & dramatic technique. Expert. Individl. Park 6309.

PORTRAITS in oils by professional exhibiting artist in own studio. Ten Guineas inclusive. Box 9779.

EXPERT private tuition in painting in artist's studio. Box 9780.

FIGHT Tory Cuts by signing Socialist Med. Assoc. Petition against Health Service charges. Forms: 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

CONTRACEPTION. Theory, History and Practice. 10pl. 7th Ed. Post 9d. By Dr. Marie Stopes. Mothers' Clinic, 108 Whitfield St., London, W.1.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0710. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials. 2yrs. exp. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

BERTOLA is the cream of sherries.—Ask for Bertola Cream.

P.S. A special opportunity to visit Spain at Whitsun, a full week in Tarragona, 10 days total period, 22 guineas. Departure May 26, return June 4.

P.P.S. Full partics. from Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. HAR. 1040.

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837. The Club has now recommenced the German class.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

REMNANTS Sale, generous household parcels, assorted ends to forge yard lengths. White Cotton Remnants, width 40-52in., for sheets, pillow slips, 25s. parcel. Floral Cotton Prints, width 36in., small floral pattern, for dresses and curtains, 30s. parcel. Plus 1s. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send 6d. for next 3 issues of catalogue. 40 different Remnant Bargain Parcels. Celic, Ltd. (Dept. 23), Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

YOGHOURT the popular healthgiving milk food is made easily and cheaply at home with Yalacta Apparatus and ferments. Free illustrated literature from Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P, Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

HANDWRITING analysis, advice on character & abilities. For business, educational & personal purposes. By expert graphologist. 5 Murray Rd., S.W.19. Wim. 5856.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HOUSEHUNTING? Then read "The Homefinder." Over 1,000 houses advertised for sale in each issue, 9d. monthly from newsagents. By post 1s.: Homefinders Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

SERVICE rms. H. & C., gas elec. fires. Res. Manager. From 35gns., 6gns. dble., incl. brkfst.; dinner avail. Perm. residents welcome. 11 Sumner Pl., S.W.7. KEN. 9854.

NW.3. Attractive furn. bedrm., bkfst., bath & phone, £3 10s. p.w. Box 249.

HIGHGATE, N.6. Well-furn. bed-sit. rm., gas fire & ring; open outlook. 35s. p.w. MOU. 5605.

NW.9. Lady offers mod. furn. b'sitrm., bkfst.; use bath, constant h.w. Lt. evg. meals when reqd. 21gns. wkly. Box 26.

FURNISHED upper maisonette in artist's house, Hampstead, 2 rooms, kit., bathroom, to be let. Box 41.

2 MIN. Swiss Cottage, large bed-sit. rm., bath, h. & c. Lady preid. PRI. 8451.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

CHELSEA. Girl sks. girl 25-30 to lodge in flat. Own bedrm. Use kit. bath/studio-sitt.-rm. Highest refs. essential. Box 76.

NICELY furn. bed-sitt.-rm. (1/2 people), kit., own phone ext. in priv. house, nr. Crystal Palace. LIV. 1631 after 6.30 p.m.

TO let. Whole or part of furnished flat, term time. Mon.-Fri. W.2. Box 185.

BACHELOR offers to anc. (orth. Jewish age 30-40) accom. in mod. block St. John's Wd. Ref. exch. PRI. 3106, 1244 or Box 222.

TO let: single or double divan-bed-sitting room with partial board. Terms Mod. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

DEVONSHIRE cottage to let furnished for short holidays; near beach; 3 bedrooms, w.c., bath, etc. Box 10.

TWO unfurnished rooms, vacant, in country house Hotel. Service and all meals. Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex.

DEVON Cottage, close sea, 3 bedrooms, 5gns. p. week. Engaged July 15—Aug. 31. Rigg, Lannacombe, Chivelstone, Kingsbridge. Happy caravan 21gns.

CHALET to let, sleeps 4. Cornish coast. Elec. King, 59 Dynham Rd., N.W.6.

THREE-room primitive cottage to let Snowdonia. 3gns. p.w. Box 9691.

TO let large sunny flat nr. Hampstead Hth. all modern conv., sleep 5 & baby. July 26-Aug. 9. £5 5s. p. w. or exchanges for house or flat for 3/4 near sea. Refs. essent. Box 5.

WILL family in N. Devon or Cornwall exchange house with family in Marlow or Thames for period in July or August? Box 115.

YNG. N.Z. schoolteacher (m), Socialist intd. Labour Movement, shs. reas. board. Arrives England some time July. Box 127.

YOUNG writer needs small room in London. Preferably habitable. Box 123.

WANTED: Furnished or unfurnished room with kit., suitable woman musician with own piano. Moderate rent. Box 21.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHILTERN Hills. Mr. S. K. Ratcliff's charming Cottage Residence in a delightful hillside hamlet 38 miles London is for sale by private treaty. It contains 2 sitting rooms, both opening to loggia, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; all main services. Garden room, one-third acre attractive garden. Freehold, £4,500. Detailed partics. from Agts. Gossling & Redway, Princes Risborough. Tel. 51.

SURREY-Sussex borders. 45 minutes London. Perfectly divided southern half small mansion, 3½ acres lovely wooded grounds, tennis court. Own drive. 5 bedrooms, 2 rec., 2 bathrooms. Splendid kit., all services. Sale urgent. £5,500. HORley 1464.

PROPERTY For Sale: A rural retreat in quiet lane in Wiltshire Downs but accessible London, Marlborough, Salisbury, Andover. Perfect old thatched and stone cottage with fine old features, skilfully modernised with electric light, main water. 4 rooms (inc. 2 beds.) and kitchen; pleasant garden facing hills. Owner will sell freehold at £1,250 for quick sale. Box 16.

## READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Iron Hitchens Painting, framed, 15gns.; French Posters, some theatrical, Lautrec period; Corona Portable Typewriter, Continental keyboard, good condition, £12 10s.; Beechstein Boudoir Grand and Child's Nursery Suite (can be viewed London); Piano, upright pre-war Steck, in perfect condition, valued £80; Upright Piano, Welwar Bijilinex, excellent condition, offers; "Gentleman's Magazine," 1791-1860, £15.

WANTED: "Madonna Cecilia di Leonardo da Vinci." Polifilo; Sound Recording Apparatus; Complete German Linguaphone; "Horizon"—sets, Nos. 1 and odds, also Cambridge Histories.

*Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word; 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Reader or Senior Lecturer in Physiology. The salary of a Reader is £A1,250 × £A50—£A1,450 and that of a Senior Lecturer £A1,000 × £A50—£A1,250. A cost of living allowance at present £A174 p.a. is added to the salaries in each grade. Appointment will be as a Reader or Senior Lecturer according to qualifications and experience of the person appointed. It is desirable but not essential that applicants possess a medical qualification, and the appointee will be required to teach Physiology to students of Dental Science, Science, Physical Education, Physiotherapy and Optometry. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 24, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Assistant Lectureship in Statistics. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Statistics, tenable in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. The post will be in Grade III (£450 × £50—£500) and the appointment will be made in the first instance for a probationary period of three years. The successful candidates will be expected to teach and to develop work in economic or social statistics. He or she should be well grounded in statistical method and acquainted with current sources. Applications, together with the names of three referees should reach The Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, by April 30. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. C. G. Burton, Secy., The University, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in Social Science (with the status of Lecturer, Grade II). Salary scale £550 to £900 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's allowance scheme. Applicants must have considerable experience in practical social work and in directing students' work. Applications should be sent not later than April 30, 1952, to the Registrar, The University, Bristol 8, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London).—Applications are invited for appointment to an assistant Lectureship in Social and General Psychology in the Department of Sociology. Salary scale £450—£550 per annum with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties on October 1, next. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than April 23, 1952, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds.—Department of Spanish Language and Literature. The Council invites applications for an Assistant Lectureship on the salary scale £450-£25-£500, according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be effective from October 1, 1952. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than April 29, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the appointment of Lecturer in the Department of French. Candidates should have special qualifications in post-Renaissance Literature. Salary Scale £600 to £800 per annum, with placement according to experience and qualifications, and with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1952. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of three referees, should be lodged not later than April 30, 1952.—Charles H. Stewart, Sec. to the University.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in French. Salary £450 rising to £500 after one year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received by May 3, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two Assistant Lectureships in History. Candidates for one post should have special interests in Medieval History, for the other post special interests in Modern History. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 3, 1952, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MASTER (single) required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, qualifications, exp. and salary reqd. to Box 9974.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commission in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History or Geography with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first year, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous effective service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowance in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated, and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £141 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instructions and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

"BRITISH Medical Journal." Assistant Editor. The Council of the British Medical Association invites applications from registered practitioners for the appointment of a Medical Assistant Editor to the British Medical Journal. In the first instance the appointment will be for six months on a probationary basis at a salary of £1,500 a year, rising by annual increments of £100 to £2,200 a year; in exceptional circumstances the initial salary may be above the minimum of the scale. The Association superannuation scheme will apply on substantive appointment. Candidates must present evidence of literary ability and/or journalistic experience. A knowledge of one or more foreign languages is desirable. Applicants should send full particulars of qualifications, experience, age, etc., together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, to the Editor of the British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, not later than May 10, 1952. Envelopes should be marked "British Medical Journal—Assistant Editor."

HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10 Wakefield "B" Group. Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Biochemist. Applications are invited for the appointment of Biochemist at the Central Pathological Laboratory, Wakefield "B" Group of Hospitals, under the direction of the Pathologist. Applicants should be Chemical Graduates, B.Sc., Ph.D., with post-graduate experience. Salary £550 × £30 to £730 per annum for persons with more than two years' experience in hospital biochemistry. Years of service above that number will be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. The appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full particulars of experience, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the undersigned within three weeks of the date of the appearance of this advertisement. G. L. Banner, Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

MANCHESTER City Art Galleries. Applications are invited from persons with Museum experience and some knowledge of the history of costume, or related practical experience, for the position of Assistant at the Gallery of English Costume, Platt Hall, at a salary in accordance with grade APT.1 of the National Scheme of Service Conditions, i.e., £440 rising to £485 per annum. A University degree, equivalent qualifications in art, or the Diploma of the Museums Association would be an added but not essential qualification. Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials, should be addressed to and reach the Director, The City Art Gallery, Manchester, 2, not later than April 30, 1952. Canvassing is prohibited.

BISHOP Anstey High School, Trinidad, B.W.I. Wanted, to sail end August, a Mistress to teach Spanish up to Higher Certificate (Cambridge) standard. Resident. Island salary scale 3 yrs.' contract. Opportunities for studying Spanish on S. American mainland in vacations. Income tax less than in England. Apply Miss Kyle, C.T.F., 46 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMENDED.—Senior Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must, in addition, have had at least two years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men), £812—£1,022; (women), £681—£917; Scientific Officers (men), £440—£707; (women), £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men), £440—£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S51/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S52/52, S128/52 for the other posts.

AMENDED.—War Office and Air Ministry Lands Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men only for permanent and temporary appointments as Lands Officers. Most of the vacancies under the War Office are overseas. Candidates must be at least 30 years of age on January 1, 1952, and must either be Corporate Members of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors or the Incorporated Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute or the Land Agents' Society or possess a University degree in Estate Management (B.A. Cambridge or B.Sc. London). In addition candidates should possess wide professional experience in private practice as an Estate Agent or of a Local Authority or Government Department and must have experience of Land Agency or Agriculture Valuation. Inclusive London salary scales: £970—£1,280. Provincial rates slightly lower. Applications will be accepted at any time up to April 30, 1952, and selected candidates will be interviewed as soon as possible after the receipt of their application forms. Candidates are advised to apply as early as possible as an earlier closing date may eventually be fixed. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S 4119/52.

LEEDS Education Committee. Leeds College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. Required to begin duty as soon as possible, Lecturer in the School of Drawing and Painting. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale £900 × £25—£1,000. Application form and further particulars (stamped add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds, 1, to be returned within 14 days of this notice.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for approximately 10 pensionable posts. Candidates must be at least 25 years of age on April 1, 1952, but candidates at least 21 and under 25 years of age on that date may be admitted if they have exceptionally suitable qualifications. A University education and a knowledge of economics are desirable. Experience of public speaking, supervision of office procedure and organisation of work with the public will be an advantage. Salary scale in London: £467 at age 25 and over on entry to a maximum of £933 (men); £445 at age 25 or over on entry to a maximum of £796 (women). Starting pay reduced by approximately £27 (men) and £22 (women) for each year of age below 25. The salary scale in the Provinces is somewhat lower. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 154/52; completed application forms must be returned by April 22, 1952.

MARRIED couples without children rqd. as Hosts and Hostesses for Guest Houses, various parts of England. Knowledge of catering for numbers, staff organisation & control, and ability to run social evenings, etc. Liking for people essential. Commencing salary £208 & £156 respectively, plus full residential emoluments. Box 285.

REQUIRED, female assistant to Host and Hostess, various Guest Houses, England, Scotland and Wales. Prepared to assist housekeeping, linen repairs, some office work, domestic work. Pleasant personality, able to get on with staff and mix with guests. £3 p.w., plus full board and lodging. Box 287.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GENEVA. The International School. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmaster, to commence duty August 15 or at latest September 1, 1952. The School, founded in 1924, is co-educational and has some 60 boarders and 360 day pupils (110 primary, 120 middle, 190 secondary) about equally divided between the English and French sides. On the English side the School prepares pupils for both the Cambridge General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and the United States College Board examinations. The Deputy Headmaster has general responsibility, under the Headmaster, for the organisation and administration of the English side (but not of the boarding establishment) and is expected to teach part time. Candidates should have a university degree (preferably honours), experience in both teaching and administration and sufficient knowledge of French to enable them to acquire rapidly a reasonable command of the spoken language. The salary scale takes account of experience, special responsibilities and size of family. The School will, if desired, assist in securing suitable accommodation. Applications, with full details, including references and photograph, should be sent to Chairman of Governing Board, The International School, 62 route de Chêne, Geneva.

IT is required to fill the post of Lecturer in the Modern Languages Department at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to commence duties on September 20, or as soon after as possible. Candidates should hold a 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degree in at least two modern languages, of which French must be one. The selected candidate will be in charge of the Modern Languages Department and will be responsible for the teaching of modern languages in the College, particularly to Junior Officers. In addition he will be expected to assist officers who wish to study a foreign language in their spare time. Candidates must be British subjects. Appointment will be as Junior Lecturer (salary scale £400-£650) or Senior Lecturer (£750-£950) according to age, qualifications and experience. A pay addition (approximately 10 per cent of the first £500 of salary and 5 per cent of the balance) will also be allowable. In certain circumstances a starting salary above the minimum may be authorised. Applications, accompanied by the names of three referees and a statement of previous experience, should be sent as soon as possible and not later than April 26, 1952 to Director of Studies, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.10, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Supervisor or Teacher required at Rosmand Hostel for 20 girls, at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford; duties include general supervision and instruction in handwork and games. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Unqualified teacher would be considered. Salary for teacher Burnham Scale, plus two additional increments; for unqualified teacher maximum is £362 p.a. In both cases £78 deducted for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

PROBATION Officer.—Men and women who have an interest in the treatment of offenders or an aptitude for resolving behaviour problems and who wish to consider adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland, are invited to apply to the Scottish Council with a view to their having their names enrolled on the Probation Register. The Council will have regard to the sense of vocation, temperament and educational qualifications possessed by applicants. Persons who have attained the age of 45 years will not be considered, and applicants between the ages of 40 and 44 years will require to possess exceptional qualifications. Applications should be made to The Secretary, The Scottish Central Probation Council, 11 Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, 7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

OXFORD House Educational Centre. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (Male) at the above-named Centre. Preference will be given to a person possessing a University degree. For suitably qualified persons the salary scale will be £375 × £18 to £630, with additions for University degree, Training, Industrial Experience, etc. A house is available for which a charge of £70 per annum will be made for rent, rates, etc. Further details and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned. E. Tudor Evans, Acting Warden, Oxford House Educational Centre, Risca, Mon.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Slough Girls Club. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Youth Leader (woman) at the Slough Girls Club. Membership 250; activities include Drama, Crafts, Keep-Fit, Netball, Swimming, etc.; excellent premises. Leader would have help of part-time Assistant Leader in addition to voluntary helpers. Salary scale for qualified leaders based on Burnham Scale. Application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

OVER Forty. Applications invited for post of Warden at Residential Centre providing, chiefly, Industrial Courses. Joint appointment with wife as Housekeeper a possibility. Home Counties. Apply Box 218.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MASTER (single) for out-of-school activities, maintenance, driving, etc., required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, exper. and salary required to Box 9975.

COUNTY Council of Essex. House Mother, resident, required to take charge of mixed Home for 12 children aged 5-15 years in Romford which advises a similar Home. Salary £315 9s. per annum, less £75 12s. for full residential emoluments. Ancillary Staffs Council's Scheme applies. Applicants must have had training or experience in residential work with children, and it is not possible to consider persons wishing to have their own children with them. Enquiries and particulars to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, and any application forms subsequently completed to be sent to Employment Exchange, Wells St., Chelmsford, with ECC/W/16/C marked thereon and on envelope.

THE Retreat, York. An Independent Hospital for Mental & Nervous Illnesses, managed by a Committee of the Society of Friends. Applications are invited for the post of Housekeeper-Caterer which shortly becomes vacant owing to retirement. Applicants must be capable of catering for 100 residents and supervising the kitchen, laundry and domestic staffs (except ward staffs). Salary is in accordance with Whitley Council Scales (£520 × £20 to £600—less £130 for emoluments). The Hospital is a participating member of the F.S.S.N. and pension rights are transferable. Applications, giving full particulars of age, training, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by the names of two referees, should be addressed to The Secretary, The Retreat, York.

WANTED Urgently, Superintendent and Assistant Worker for difficult school-aged girls in Birmingham Hostel; experience essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. C. of E. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 1.

EFFICIENT Matron, firm and understanding with children, wanted for Summer Term. Small group, boys and girls. North London. Salary £250. Box 238.

RESEARCH worker required by national social service organisation to undertake research with Problem Families. Estimated period 3-4 years. Applicant should preferably have an appropriate University or professional qualification, research experience, and have shown a capacity for original work. Salary £500-£800 p.a. according to qualifications. Write to Box 258.

PRIVATE Secretary (woman) to Director and General Manager of prominent engineering company in Darlington. In addition to appropriate qualifications and experience applicants should have education to a standard beyond higher school certificate and be equipped to assemble material for reports and collate information. Interesting post for someone with wide interests. Five day week. Pension scheme. Write with age and details of education and experience to: The Secretary, Whessoe Limited, Darlington.

YOUNG woman graduate, not over 30, required for executive post in Mayfair office of Domestic Appliance Manufacturers. Experience not necessary, but ability to think clearly and express thoughts both verbally and in writing is essential. This will become a responsible post calling for close attention to detail, and much hard work. Commencing salary £350 for probationary period, during which successful applicant will receive training. Applications, giving suitable details, to Box 132.

REQUIRED smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent, working on own initiative, experienced in taking charge of small office, closed Jewish holidays. Write details re. experience & salary required to Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

MEDICAL film unit needs Secretary/Manager. Recently qualified nurse with previous business experience prefd. Box 172.

WANTED: Educated Englishwoman or Foreign for domestic work in small Sussex Hotel. Box 192.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADAPTABLE energetic woman, 15 yrs. admin./personnel exp., sks. exec. post. Office/factory/canteen management, recruitment & welfare of staff. Owner-driver. Box 61.

ARTIST, experienced teacher in Drawing, Painting, Modelling, takes private pupils and sks. appointment School/Training College in or near London. Allinson (B.B.A., R.O.I.), 87a Clifton Hill, N.W.8.

WANTED: interesting occupation by woman, 29, B.A.(Cantab.), youth club, interviewing, administrative experience, good French, elementary Italian, willing travel, home, abroad. Box 225.

LAW Graduate seeks non-legal post May-November. Anything considered. London area. Box 151.

MAN 24, B.Sc., in indstry. & wife B.A. (Pr.) teacher seek joint post. Box 171.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

FULL musical programme of the Continent (including festivals) with informative articles, in "European Radio," every Fri. Price 8d. From bookstalls & newsagents, or 2s. for 4 wks. Post free. Europ Publishing Co. (London), Ltd., 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

REMARKABLE progress in Medicine. Read the very full account in the handsome volume "50 Years of Medicine," which can be obtained from the Publisher (I), British Medical Journal, British Medical Association House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Remittance 15s. to accompany order.

URGENTLY required: Newton; Select documents relating to the unification of South Africa; Pitman, Development of the British West Indies; Ragatz, Fall of the planter class in the British Caribbean; Economic History Review, Vols. 14-18, 1944-48; Dietz, English Government finance, 1485-1558; Dietz, English public finance, 1558-1641. Offers by air-letter to Librarian, University College of the Gold Coast, Achimota, Gold Coast, West Africa.

JAMES Joyce, undergraduate. Reprint of rare essay on Mangan from "St. Stephens" (1902) in "National Student" (March). Price 8d. inc. postage, Editor, Newman House, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

64-PAGE Catalogue available. Books on Mysticism, Eastern and Esoteric Religions, Freemasonry, Psychical Research, Yoga, Psychology, Philosophy and kindred subjects. Supplements supplied periodically. Many books unobtainable elsewhere in this country. Send 2½d. stamp to Robert Glanvill (Booksellers), 1 Ladbroke Rd., Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11.

BOOKS for Sale—Art, Architecture, Biography, General Literature, Illustrated Books including Hugh Thomson, Philosophy, Sander's Reichenbuchia, Standard Sets in Fine Bindings, Topography. Send for Spring Catalogue. Sole Bay Bookshop, 80a High St., Southwold, Suffolk.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

SOCIALIST? Sell your books to Hampersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN Books sold and purchased by Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Postal business.

## FELLOWSHIPS

TRINITY College, Official Fellowship. The President and Fellows propose to elect an Official Fellow as Lecturer in Modern Languages, if a candidate of suitable merit presents himself. The tenure of the Fellowship is, by statute, probationary for one year from the date of election. The Fellow elected will be required to exercise a general supervision over Modern Language tuition, and to assume special responsibility for tuition in either French or German for the Honour School. The duties will begin in October, 1952. The stipend of the Fellowship and Lecturership will vary according to age, but will not be less than £600 per annum, in addition to rooms in College and dining allowance. The choice of the College will not necessarily be confined to those who submit their names. Applications should be addressed to the President, if possible not later than May 17, 1952, with a full statement of qualifications and a testimonial given for the purpose, together with the names of two referees.

## WHERE TO STAY

THE North Cornish Coast for early holidays. Magnificent coastal scenery. Fine sandy beaches. Tariffs are at their lowest and scenery at its best in the Spring. Very limited accommodation for August. Surfing, Boating, Fishing, Golf. Bracing air. Guide 6d. Write: Information Bureau (N.S.), Wadebridge. For Rail services, inquire at Stations' Offices or Agents.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

EIRE. Achill Island. Mountain View Hotel. Dugort, Co. Mayo. Situated 'midst mountain and sea. Safe bathing. Good food, Bus passes door. Apply: Mrs. Hoban.

HOLIDAYS in lovely Connemara. Modern guest house, farm produce, home cooking, real comfort, sailing, fishing, riding, mountaineering, bathing available, terms moderate. Mrs. Holms, Old Castle House, Renvyle, Connemara, Co. Galway, Eire.

CORNWALL (South) Kennack Sands, near by to Cadgwith, The Linard, Mullion. Quiet friendly guest house, good food. Near safe sandy beach. Mrs. Smout, Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Nr. Helston.

CORNISH Coast perfect in spring. Original holiday, reasonable cost on beautiful unspoiled coast between Padstow and Tintagel. Suites with kitchenettes from 4gns. p.w.; lounge, playroom & restaurant. Also cottage. Vacs. now till end June only. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

## WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWITZERLAND.—Book now for spring and summer. For your £25 allowance: a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world and £8 left for pocket money. Write for brochure: Hôtel-Pension "Le Cerisier"—Caux s/Montreux.

DEVON & Cornwall. Delightful, inexpensive holidays. Dawlish-Newquay. 1952 illustrated brochure 18 free. Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comf. and good food. Perm. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

CONTINENTAL. 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, hotel socialiste, home table, agréable compagnie, prix modérés.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. To Whare Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle. Trethevy House Private Hotel. Beautiful and peaceful surroundings. Home farm & cooking. Few vacancies April, May, early June, September and October. Write for brochure.

LAND'S End, lovely April-May. Special Board rates 4gns. wk. S.a.e. Box 212.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

TIPPERARY. Quiet holiday for music-lovers, string players preferred. £5 15s. 6d. p.w. Vacancies May-July. Box 125.

A SPRING Tonic! Spend a happy weekend at Sunny Brighton in handsome Regency Private Hotel—good food, comfortable beds, h. & c. all rooms. A very special welcome to London visitors. Inc. Terms: Fri. Dinner to Mon. Breakfast—2gns. Special Easter Terms 25s. a day. Court House Hotel, Cavendish Place (opp. West Pier), Brighton. (Tel. 24016.)

CHELTENHAM Spa. For pleasant holidays at any season. Lovely Cotswold country, bracing air, sport, music, entertainment. For rail services enquire at stations, offices, agents. For Guide send 3d. stamps to Dept. 40, Town Hall.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Ideal for spring and early summer holidays. Directly facing sea in own grounds. Abundant home-cooked food. All modern comforts. A.A. recommended. Phone 316.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Beautiful mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Very low inclusive prices. Easy journey from Victoria. British representative: C. Rackett, No. 8, South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel: 2812.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlkg. sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

PORTAFERRY Hotel, Portaferry, County Down. N. Ireland. Open to non-residents. Licensed, A.A. Ideally situated on sea front. Boating, fishing, golf. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. Tel.: Portaferry 231.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. Sgns., special terms for family party. No vacs. July 26-Aug. 30. Tel. Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm prod. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 334.

SURREY-Sussex border, quiet holiday accom. offered in beautiful 15th cent. converted farm house. Good walking country, peaceful and picturesque—30 miles London, excel. food. 4½gns. p.w. Easter onwards. Box 9983.

FARM Holidays. Unique Book describing Britain's best holiday farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. N.S.N.), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

CO. Galway, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel, Country House touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Brochure.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lauderdales, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. 10 acres. Exc. cuisine. 5½gns. Brochure.

## WHERE TO STAY—continued

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. conv., large gardens.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Association. Anne Hewer. Tel. 508.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own tea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Cherswood Rd. Tel. 3621. Brochure.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel. Overlooking Bay and 13 miles coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Telephone Port Isaac 291. Terms 5 to 6½gns.

CWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm, Jersey herd. Lovely for flowers. King Arthur's cntry. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout & Salmon. Nr. Polzeath (surf-bthng). Lundy Bay/Port Quin/Port Gaverne. Bannerman. Port Isaac 234.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern standard of comfort, farm produce and an understanding of good food and wine. Vacancies April, May and early June only. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple; cosy centre Tours, lovely walks; good cooking. 5-6gns. Miss English.

EXETER the "Ever Faithful" City. Cathedral, Guildhall, Priory, Rougemont Castle, Underground Passages; in addition the whole County is within easy reach of the City. Brochure (postage 2d) Official Guide "B" (post free 1s. 3d.), Information Bureau, Exeter.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

NR. CORNWALL, Mawgan Porth. Spend your holiday in a lovely Guest House right on the beach in a perfect sandy bay; artists, etc. welc. 6 miles above Newquay. Box 9649.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique Hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of every nationality all the year round. Unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Pinlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea and lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 4½gns. 18 Rutland Gardens, Hove. Tel. 39389.

CONNEMARA, Letterfrack. Seaside and mountains; modern conveniences, £4 10s. weekly. August £5 10s. Mrs. Joyce.

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LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proofreading, etc. Transins. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Birthday Play. Morley Coll. Actors (WAT. 6872) in "Comedy of Errors" at The George Inn, 77 Borough High St., Southwark. Apr. 19, 26, at 3, 7.15. Apr. 23, 25, at 7.15. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d. (unbookable).

WINTER Gdn. "The Constant Couple." Alec Clunes. "Brilliantly amusing."—Times. Ev. 7. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8. Hol. 8881.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.). Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Uncle Vanya." Mems. 5s.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Candy Story." Weds. to Sats., 7.30, to April 20 (No perf. Good Friday). Mems. Adults only.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 5.30. "We Dig for the Stars," depicting a crisis in the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mems., 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 8.30. "Irving Revue." "Great fun from start to finish."—News Chron. Mems. 5s. yr.

"BORN Yesterday."—Garson Kanin's pungent Satirical Comedy. A Tavistock Repertory Company prodn., showing at 7.30 p.m. April 16-20 and 23-27, inc. (Sat. 26 at 5 p.m. and 8 p.m.) at Christchurch Studio-Theatre, 156(a) Albany St., N.W.1. 4s. and 2s. 6d. Members only. Apply for 2s. 6d. p.a. Club membership above address or ring EUSton 7185 after 7 p.m.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until April 13: Rossellini's "Paisa" (A). From April 14: Emmer's "Sunday in August" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. April 13, 7.30, "Second Chorus" (U).

"SONS & Daughters." New, all-Chinese 3D film (English sub-titles), based on famous contemporary Chinese novel. "Exciting . . . moving . . . beautiful." Premiere at Scala Theatre, W.1, on Tuesday, April 15, 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., M.P. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Theatre or Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2 (AMB. 1431) 2).

NEW Era Film Society present new Hungarian film "Liberated Soil." Also "Moscow Reconstruction" (colour doc.) & "Papageno" (German), at 7.30 p.m., on Fri., April 25, at Islington Town Hall; members & members' guests only. Tickets in advance 2s., tickets at door, 2s. 6d. Enquiries and bookings from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

"MRS. Dery"—the brilliant Hungarian film depicting the fight for liberty and independence of national culture against early 19th century Austrian colonization—will be shown to members and friends of the British Hungarian Friendship Society in a London cinema on Sunday morning, April 27, at 10.45 a.m. Engl. sub-titles. Tickets (free) from B.H.F.S., 13 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Enclose s.a.e.

COMMUNIST Party—22nd National Congress Concert. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sat. April 12, 7.30 p.m. Programme includes extract from "Wat Tyler." Opening by Alan Bush. Tickets 1s. from London Communist Party, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

"FREISCHUTZ." Prod. by City Opera Club. Toynbee Hall, April 30-May 3. Tickets: phone PUT. 1418.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday, April 28, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Gordon Watson, Georgina Dobrée, Malcolm Latchem, Régis Pantevin, Margaret Major, John Cook and The Latchem String Quartet, in works by: Karl Amadeus Hartmann (first performance in England); Béla Bartók, Alan Rawsthorne, and Paul Hindemith. Thrs. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

EMPRESS Hall, FULham 1212. Wed., April 30, 7.30-12. N.F.J.O. Jazz Ball. Lyttelton, Randall, Christie, Crane River 5s.

## EXHIBITIONS

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Spring Exhibition at Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Open 2-7 incl. Sundays.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries, 10-5 including Saturdays. Re-opening Tuesday.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Spring Assembly. And Display of select Art Books.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Villon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

WIFREDO Lam. Exhibition by the Cuban painter. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6.

ROGER Fry. An exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till April 26. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission Free. Closed Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "17 Collectors." Exhibition at Tate Gallery. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Bonnard, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec.

## EXHIBITIONS—*cont. and*

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Peter Potworowski and Sculpture, Stained Glass and Graphic Work by Geoffrey Clarke.

NEW Designs of Furniture, Fabrics and Carpets by well-known designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. "Some Aspects of Modern Dutch Painting." Van Gogh, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 26.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FILM Brains Trust: Janet Hills (Critic, Times Ed. Supp.); Stanley Reed (Films Appreciation Officer, British Film Institute); Gavin Lambert (Editor, "Sight and Sound"); Ralph Bond (Vice Pres. A.C.T.). Questions invited on Children's Films, Film Technique, British & internat. film problems. Hornsey Film Soc., 8 p.m., Archway Tavern, opp. Archway Tube, Apr. 17. Adm. 1s. Coming films: "Paisa" (Apr. 24). "New Heroes will Arise." Czech 1951 pre-cannes (May 8). "Bicycle Thieves" (May 22). Subs. 2s. 6d. p.a. Enq. Secy., 16a Hillside Gdns., N.6.

SHAW Society. Apl. 25, 7 p.m.: Dr. Follick on "Spelling Reform," 57 Dean St., W.1. 1s. 6d. at door or in adv. from 45 Sheepscombe Close, N.18. May 23, 6.45 p.m.: Jill Balcon poetry recital; also 1s. 6d. New members invited. Non-members welcome at meetings and on Surrey Pebble, Apl. 20, Waterloo, nr. Platf. 1; by 10.15 a.m.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Film "Soviet Armenia." Speaker Mrs. S. Silverman. Tues. Apr. 22, 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d. with S.A.E. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. Ed. Ctee. B.S.F.S.

WARSAW Ghetto Uprising Commemoration Meeting, Wed., April 23, 7.30 p.m., Beaver Hall. Speakers: Lord Silkin, Sydney Silverman, M.P., Gordon Schaffer, Ghetto Songs—Marian Lebeus. Lawrence Film: "That Others May Live." Adm. 6d. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 6591.

PERSONALIST Group. Colby Bories on "Nietzsche and Super-Nietzsche." Wed. April 16, at Conway Hall, at 7.30 p.m.

GURDJIEFF.—6 lectures by J. G. Bennett. Every Mon. from Apr. 21-May 19 inc., 8 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Tickets for Series 10s., single lectures 2s. 6d. Students half price. Apply Sec., Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., April 15 at 7.45 p.m. Talk on Wages & Prices in Czechoslovakia. Speaker: Mr. J. Wild. Chairman: Mr. E. J. Burford. Adm. free, all welcome.

RACIAL Unity: Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Tuesday, April 15, 7.30 p.m. For Bamangwato Delegation. Chair: Mrs. Gorsky. Spkrs., incl. Seretse Khama, a member of the Delegation and others. Adm. free.

"PROBLEMS of the West Indies" by Lady Huggins, wife of ex-governor of Jamaica. Thrs. Apr. 17, 8 p.m. under auspices All Nations Social Club, Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). 1s. 6d. at door.

URSULA Edgcumbe: "The Unworldly World." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., April 13 at 11 a.m.

PUBLIC Meeting, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 (nr. Victoria Stn.). "What Makes Man—Heredity or Environment?" Speaker: Lawrence Tucker. Monday, April 28, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

WEDNESDAY Lectures at Chelsea Town Hall, arranged by Socialist Party of G.B. April 16, "The Only Hope of Mankind"—D. Fenwick; April 23, "Sex and Sin"—A. Turner. Commence at 7.30.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. All welcome. April 13: "The Goal of Man."

"THE Ancient Story of Easter." Mrs. Sudbury Hurren. Sun., April 13, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 19, at 6 p.m. Mr. J. Keith Kilby: "World Order or World Anarchy."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10). Swami Ghanananda. Kingsway Hall. Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, April 17: "Vedanta in Daily Life." All welcome.

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship. Universalist Service. 3 p.m. Sun. Apr. 13, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Nr. Vict. Sta. Discourse by Swami Avyaktananda.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

LIFE in Scandinavia. 10 illustrated lectures, Mondays, from April 21, 7.0 p.m. Fee 6s. Many other courses. Syllabus from Registrar (EUS. 1816 after 2 p.m.); Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Pl., W.C.1.

AT Pendley, April 18 to 20. Photography: "An Introduction to Colour Photography"; "Colour Portraiture"; "Processing of Colour Film"; "Travelling with Kodachrome"; "The Agfa Colour Process"; "The Cameras of the World." Fee £2 10s. Particulars from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

FRENCH Countryside Week-end. At Westham House, Binfield, Warwick. May 9 to 11, 1952. A course (conducted in English) on life in rural France. Full particulars from The Association of Agriculture, 238-240 Abbey House, 2 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

EXPERIMENTS in Expression—both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Painting and modelling May 2-5, June 11-16, July 18-21. Dance & Drama May 16-19. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes, all grades. Term begins April 23. Summer Vacation Course at Coimbra University, July 14-August 23. Details from Portuguese Language Cttee., 4 Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

SPANISH Evening Classes, all grades. Term begins April 21. Also Vacation Course at Universidad Internacional, Santander, August 1-31. Details from the Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1952-53 begins on Monday, October 6, 1952. Part-time (evening) courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for Diplomas in Geography and Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application forms (to be returned by June 1, 1952) from: Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1.

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School for Professionals and Non-Professionals reopens Summer Term, April 22. Morning-Evening-Weekend Classes for beginners and advanced students. Segal method proves that everyone can learn to paint. The school can be joined at any time. Painting Course in Chiaroscuro-Venice August. Teachers' Training Course in Segal method starts January 5, 1953. Autumn term: September 16. Applications should be made as soon as possible—limited number. Particulars Secretary, 1 Englands Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 2686.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty Street, W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer term begins April 28. Classes for beginners and students of all grades. Individual tuition. All parties from Sec. HOL. 6770.

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 28gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply Dept. W., Intertype, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., North., London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Packer, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides Comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. May 4640, 3805.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

BECOME Your Own Economist. Classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin on Tuesday and Thursday, April 22 and 24, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for the Youth Employment Service, 1952-53. The Committee and the Delegacy again hope to provide training courses for the Youth Employment Service at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1952-53. It is proposed that two courses will be provided: (i) a course (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g., a Social Science Diploma or an appropriate Degree in which Psychology has been included. (ii) a course (September-July) for other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 25 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. Application for admission to either course should be made as soon as possible to Mrs. C. R. Councer, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Even. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7147.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

## SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Archæology Summer School. A Summer School in archæological excavation will be held at Uriconium (Wroxeter) from September 6 to 20, 1952. Excavation directed by Miss Kathleen Kenyon (University of London Institute of Archæology) is the site is at the centre of the town area. Students accommodated very near excavation, at Attingham Park, the Shropshire Adult College. Inclusive fee £13; attendance for first or second whole week permitted, fee £6 15s. Applications or further details: Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

COPENHAGEN. Summer courses on Danish life and culture. For particulars apply to Anglo-Danish Students' Bureau, 71-72 Piccadilly, W.1.

## SCHOLARSHIPS

CHOIR Scholarships for September Term. Entry forms from Principal, Broomfield School, Selsey, Sussex.

## SCHOOLS

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

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ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 18-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls, 8-18. Recognised Ministry: 14 teachers—Grammar School curriculum, advanced courses, exceptional facilities Art, Music and Crafts. K. C. Barnes, B.Sc.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 445, 446, 447

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